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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, January 14, 1983

Voice from Israel



ON THE FRONT page of Agudat Yisrael's daily *Hamodia* of December 23, 1982, an electrifying advertisement in Yiddish overshadowed all the news of the day. Under a photo of a \$100 bill the ad read, "Men git dir? Hapi!" (They're giving you? Grab!)

The ad, inserted by the Cohav Hashomron town development company of Bnei Brak, was referring to the nearly free land and munificent housing subsidies available to settlers in the new towns already rising on the western slopes of Samaria. Similar developments are also sprouting in Judea, around Jerusalem. The \$100 bill, something of an exaggeration, as is common in such commercial come-ons, referred to the estimated monthly mortgage payments for the smaller flats being offered in new towns such as the exclusively *haredi*, ultra-religious, Emanuel.

We have already referred to the combination of need, greed and ideology which are the motivating factors in the new spurt of settlement in the occupied territories of Judea and Samaria. The Cohav Hashomron ad is an example primarily of the need factor. It is aimed at the many young ultra-Orthodox families who live in desperately overcrowded conditions in such *haredi* strongholds as Bnei Brak. One of the major selling points of Emanuel is the fact that it is only 30 kms. from Bnei Brak.

The particularly piquant aspect of this ad was that it appeared in *Hamodia*, the paper of the traditionally anti-Zionist Agudat Yisrael, and not in the National Religious Party's *Hatzofeh*. While the NRP and its younger elements in its Bnei Akiva youth movement and its Gush Emunim offspring have been the major ideological elements behind the settlement of Judea and Samaria in the past seven years, Agudat Yisrael had been decidedly cool about the whole matter, despite its participation in both Begin governments. Some of the *hassidic* courts associated with the Aguda, however, like those of the Gerer Rebbe here and the Lubavitcher Rebbe in Brooklyn, have in recent years come around to backing settlement in the territories and their annexation. The Gerer Rebbe is one of the main godfathers of the new town of Emanuel.

Deputy Minister of Agriculture Michael Dekel, one of the men in charge of the government's latest settlement drive in the areas told me: "Agudat Yisrael may not be Zionist in their identity but they are certainly Zionist in their behaviour, and Emanuel is not the only place where it is being expressed."

What in the terms of the *Hamodia* ad, is being given away? Land and housing subsidies that make it eminently feasible for Israeli families of differing means to make a giant leap towards realizing their dream homes.

YOUNG couples at the bottom of the scale, living in crowded conditions with parents, or in cheap, key-money accommodation can get flats in Ma'aleh Adumim near Jerusalem for a monthly mortgage of \$12,000 or others for the shekel equivalent of the \$100 bill in the *Hamodia* ad — \$13,300. Or they can make the jump from an average flat in the Greater Dan region of Tel Aviv to a villa or "cottage" on half a dunam of land for substantially less than the \$100,000 maximum that is the going price at post-Nofim.

Some — and this is where the greed factor rears its ugly head — are buying plots mainly for speculation,



The Jerusalem Post's YOSEF GOELL explores the dimensions of the great rush to the new suburban settlements springing up in Samaria.

PROMISED LANDS

tion, hoping that the current land rush will enable them to make a quick resale at a handsome profit.

THIS RUSH is based on the accumulation in Israeli hands of land in Judea and Samaria. Of the close to 7 million dunams that constitute that area, 1.7 million are believed, on the basis of a meticulous search, to be state lands. Of this, between 200,000 and 500,000 dunams have been or are on the verge of being distributed for settlement and development. Another 30,000 dunams have been bought up by private purchasers.

In the purely legal sense, the state lands — which have come down from the Ottoman regime through the British Mandatory administration and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan — and the lands of local Arab absentee owners, are administered by the *kamat*, the relevant staff officer of the IDF military government. By international law, in accordance with the Fourth Geneva Convention to which Israel is a signatory, a military occupier is entitled to take temporary possession of such lands but not to pass them on in perpetuity for the building of private dwellings or commercial enterprises.

What this means in actual fact is very much in dispute, with the legal views advanced being usually in accordance with the political views of

the legal experts writing the learned articles. The issue could become a real one if and when there is a peace treaty with Jordan, at which time the question of the disposition of these lands will undoubtedly arise. Until that date it remains a hypothetical question, and one that apparently does not bother the government or, more important, the thousands of Israelis who have been flocking to buy the plots offered.

It is estimated that so far about 200,000 dunams have been distributed by the government to groups of settlers, private developers and the settlement agencies of the government itself and of the World Zionist Organization. The distribution of such state lands is formally executed by the Israel Lands Administration, acting through the *kamat*.

DEKEL says that there are no clauses in the transfer instruments promising compensation of any form in case the lands have to be given back as part of a political settlement with Jordan. All the talk of people buying land in the hope of raking in windfall compensation *à la* Yamit is empty talk, he says.

"What this government is promising is that all this area will remain under the jurisdiction of the State of Israel. We tell people that if they're afraid to take the risk, they shouldn't go there. The fact is that

they have been going, and in droves."

THE MEN who have been central in this distribution are Dekel himself; his assistant, Claude Malka, who is chairman of the "distribution committee" on which the various settlement agencies are represented; and Uri Bar-On, representing Minister of Defence Arik Sharon, the minister responsible for the military government.

The history of the development of the town of Nofim on such public lands is a good example of the urgency behind the latest settlement drive and the irregular methods to which it gives rise. About a year ago Danny Weinman, the head of the Anashim insurance company and now also the managing director of Nofim, was on a tour of western Samaria with a group of government officials.

"Uri Bar-On told me then and there: 'Take this hilltop and plan it.' I guess he wanted to see if I was serious," says Weinman.

He did exactly that. He took an architect and planned the hilltop, which is part of an area around Yakir slated to contain a number of such developments. In May 1981, when the officials saw that Weinman was "serious," Bar-On and Dekel gave his company permission to start bulldozing roads to the site and to prepare for building.

This informal permission was granted even before Nofim had been given an official development contract to sign.

By November 1982, all was ready for the cornerstone ceremony. It was held on a rainy day in the presence of most of the 250 families who had bought villas even before one foundation had been laid.

Deputy Minister Dekel was not present, owing to a last minute tiff with his nominal boss, Minister of Agriculture Simha Ehrlich, who was peeved at the way Dekel jumped the gun in handing out authorizations for work on the site, as he had been doing for similar projects.

THE TIFF, however, did not prevent Nofim from finally getting official approval and going on to sell 350 of the 700 villas planned for the site. These have been going for \$100,000, of which \$15,000 has been set as the initial down-payment. A good part of the remainder will be backed by heavily subsidized government grants, mortgages and bank loans at easy interest rates.

Encouraged by the phenomenal success of Nofim in selling non-existent villas, another developer has obtained land in similar circumstances for the construction of a settlement of 640 villas on a nearby hilltop, with the cutesy Hebrew name Yakir-Li.

The company, Marles, is owned by a Ra'anana contractor, Mario Lesnick; a Kfar Shmaryahu contractor Mordecai Shechter; and businessman Avraham Shamai. According to the development contract negotiated privately with Dekel, the company will get a plot of 800 dunams. It has undertaken to do all the infrastructure (water, electricity lines, roads, etc.) and build the villas. It will collect the costs of development and a 15 per cent profit as part of the price of the villas it will offer for sale.

YAKIR-LI and Nofim are planned to be the nucleus of a major "villa city" in western Samaria. The explanation for giving over 5,300-dunams of public land to this project is that most of it is located in a nature reserve that has come down intact from Mandatory times. One of the selling points of both Nofim and Yakir-LI is that the villas and their 600 sq.m. plots will be located in the midst of a much larger parkland rich in scrub oaks and pistachio trees.

ONE OF THE regrettable side-effects of the disorganized manner in which land has been distributed as a result of the sense of political urgency was demonstrated two weeks ago at a press conference by the Nature Protection Society at the site of Nofim.

The director of the society, Yovav Sagi, who is acutely aware that his membership is divided fairly evenly between Greater Land of Israel hawks and various shades of territorial-compromise doves, was careful not to appear to oppose settlement in the territories as such. He did, however, register a protest against the destruction of one of the three remaining enclaves of natural Mediterranean-type flora as a result of the sprawling planning of Nofim over three hilltops. The society is demanding that the authorities forbid the construction of two of the three planned residential quarters.

To the untrained eye, the Nofim site does not reveal anything like the forest of tall trees which, two years ago, prevented the development of a similar settlement at Umm Safa, to the south. At Nofim, the Nature Protection Society's claim that the stunted scrub oak and pistachio trees, if left unmolested for 10 years, could well turn into another Carmel Park. The irony, it was pointed out, was that the trees had been well protected both under Mandatory and Jordanian rule, but local Arab woodcutters and goatherds had been left virtually free to destroy the reserve under the 15 years of Israeli occupation. Now, Nofim was on the verge of completing that job.

The argument was put forward that it was patently unfair, even if the Nofim developers were sensible enough to stop cutting down the trees, to turn into what should be a public park area into a private reserve.

IN HIS JERUSALEM office on Rehov Helena Hamalka, Michael Dekel explained the urgency behind the government's settlement drive. "Who knows how long we will remain in power — and whether those who come after us will continue to be devoted to the cause of the settlement of Judea and Samaria?"

One of Dekel's main achievements is that, as opposed to the exaggerated, and ruinous, publicity which the early Gush Emunim settlers generated around their rather small settlement projects, he has been working mostly behind the scenes and with as little publicity as

possible. He is acutely aware of the trouble that has been caused in the few cases, like that of Nofim, in which his privately-circulated letters of support have been used to promote private commercial sales.

Dekel admitted that he much preferred working with public contracting and housing companies such as Rasco, the government's own Shikun Ufituah, and even the Labour Party-controlled Shikun Ovdim, than with untied private firms with no experience in building and development.

"The problem is that those public companies were originally not very enthusiastic about the whole thing. They demanded the same conditions as they got from the government when they built in development towns within the Green Line — that is, guarantees that the government itself buy 50 per cent of the flats put up in those not particularly attractive locales.

"They're not demanding that any longer, mainly because so much government building is concentrated in Judea and Samaria and they have no choice. But the truth is that it was the private land buyers and developers who were often the pioneers in making the breakthroughs at a time when the public companies were leery of getting involved."

There is reason to believe that Nofim may well be the last instance in which public lands in Samaria will be given to untied developers for the establishment of villa cities. Dekel, at least, seems to be clear in his priorities for the distribution of public lands for building:

"First and foremost land should be given to settlement nuclei of people from different vocational groups who are clamouring to establish their own communities. There are thousands of families like that in Bank Leumi, in the Israel Aircraft Industries, in Herut's Youth Circles, in the Liberal Party and others. Then should come public housing and development companies; and only then, private contractors who can provide evidence of organizational and financial capacity and experience in actually building and developing new projects."

ALL THIS referred to public lands; but a good part of the highly publicized land and villa rush of the past few months is based on the estimated 30,000 dunams of private land that have been bought up over recent years from Arab sellers.

Up to six months ago, the entire process of land purchase was carried out in the greatest secrecy. Buyers worked through heavily-armed agents, who negotiated with Arab frontmen, fearful for their lives in view of the Jordanian decree of a death sentence for Arab land sellers.

In recent months, in response to changes in local opinion as a result of the shattering of the PLO in Lebanon — with its spin-off effect on the status of the PLO in the territories — and the categorical rejection of the Reagan Plan by the Begin government, the picture has changed.

Informants say that Arab land sellers are falling over themselves trying to unload rocky hilltops which would have been snapped up by the agents for Jewish buyers only a year ago. Today, the Israeli buyers can afford to be much more selective, and are buying only those areas which have fairly good prospects of attracting villa-hungry Israeli buyers.

Most of this activity in the development of private land is con-

centrated within a band several kilometres wide just to the east of the former Green Line and the overpopulated Greater Tel Aviv area, and close to Jerusalem.

The Delta Investment and Trading Company is a case in point. Delta bought close to 800 dunams from private Israeli owners, who had purchased them from Arabs managed to sell most of the lots for private building on the site of Oranit, a settlement to be located 7 kms. southeast of Kfar Sava and just a few hundred metres off the cross-Samaria highway.

Lots comprising 600 sq.m. net are being offered for building, fully developed, at a price of \$15,000 and 500 sq.m. lots at \$13,500. By comparison, in nearby Ra'anana, half-dunam lots have been going for about \$100,000. Delta has sold nearly all its lots.

In the Jerusalem area, the Mitzpe L'bniya company of Kiryat Arba has been offering dunam lots at the so far untouched desert site of the Mizpe Ganim they are planning, four kilometres from the Judean Desert south of Ma'aleh Adumim, at \$3,600 for one-home sites and \$5,000 for two-home sites. These prices do not include the cost of development, which is promised to start in a few months on a cost-plus basis.

By comparison, half-dunam lots for the Build Your Own Home scheme in Ma'aleh Adumim are going for \$40,000. The Kiryat Arba company claims to have sold nearly all the 700 lots in its first stage, without one grain of desert sand having been moved.

THE NEW settlers being attracted to the projects on state lands get even bigger bargains. They acquire their site for a down payment of only 5 per cent of its assessed value, compared with the astronomically higher leasing prices demanded by the Lands Administration in the built-up areas of the Greater Tel Aviv region.

Major subsidization comes, however, for the development of the infrastructure of the community and for the house or flat itself.

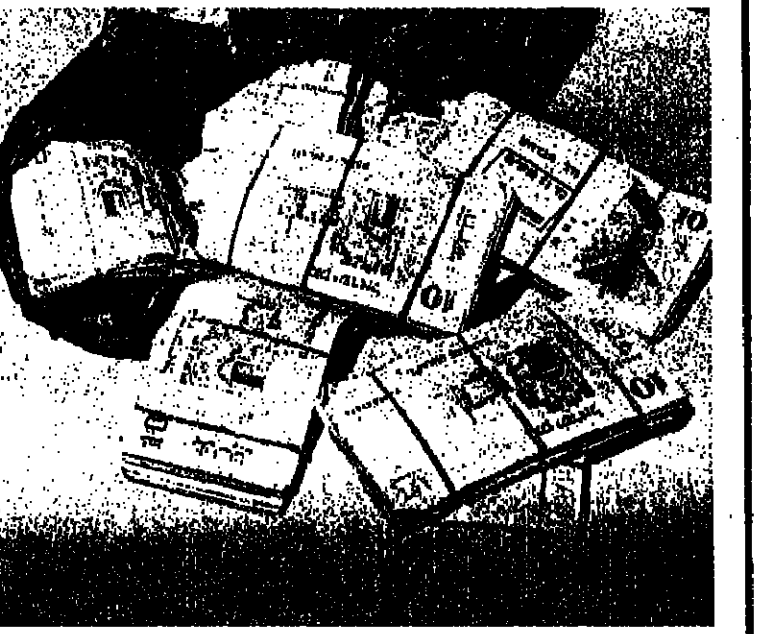
Dekel of the Agriculture Ministry, Ben Yosef of the World Zionist Organization's Settlement Division, and Margalit of the Housing Ministry all showed me, or drew for me, maps slicing Judea and Samaria into areas of differential governmental aid in accordance with differential demand. The maps never left their hands, but the principle reiterated was the same: major aid would be given to settlement in the most difficult, least popular, areas — roughly those to the east of the Ramallah-Nablus highway and in northern Samaria and to the south of Hebron.

Least aid would be given to land abutting on the Green Line in the west and just around Jerusalem, which is attracting the latest rush. This area would extend in the west to the Ariel-Yakir-Emanuel highway. An intermediate area would receive medium aid.

On paper and on multi-hued maps it sounds and looks persuasive enough. It has not, however, prevented such blatant *protektsia* as the recent decision by the Knesset Finance Committee — after several futile tries — to allocate large sums for the establishment of the Herut-affiliated settlement of Kokhav Ya'ir. Not only was that in contradiction to the guidelines; the Herut moshav is also well within the Green Line, where theoretically no government support should be given at all.

(This is the second in a series of articles.)

Megashekels



1.123.000.000.000. Shekels, not lirot. That's Israel's budget for fiscal 1983, as presented this week by Finance Minister Yoram Aridor. His 1.123 trillion-shekel plan assumes a continuation of subsidy cuts, monthly devaluations of the shekel and an annual inflation rate of "only" 90 per cent.

If all those zeros look like a lot to someone who is used to Israeli currency, imagine how puzzled your friends and relatives overseas will be when they encounter our "megabudget" figures.

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HIS FACE is known around Jerusalem; his voice is known around the world. For 27 years, Michael Elkins has been living in a house not far from Men Shearim, and since 1967 he has been the BBC's man in Israel, sometimes heard broadcasting as many as 15 times within 24 hours. He is now 66 years old. His close-cropped hair is grey, and his cheeks are even more deeply lined than before his illness at the beginning of the war in Lebanon. His voice, however, is the familiar voice, rich but not sweet, oscillating between gentleness and anger, and still recalling the streets of New York. On the eve of retirement, Elkins agreed to be interviewed, "not as a representative of the BBC, but as a human being who happens to be a journalist."

Elkins recounts that when he graduated from high school in the middle of the Depression, he went straight to Hollywood. He wrote scripts until blacklisted for participating in the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League, "which had Communists in it but wasn't Communist." He then worked as a labour organizer on the West Coast. During World War II, he was in the cloak-and-dagger Office of Strategic Services in Europe.

After the war he returned to California and resumed his union activities, but in 1948, convinced by what he had seen in Europe of the necessity for a Jewish state, he came to Israel on a pro-Zionist mission. During the next eight years, he was "back and forth" between Israel and the U.S., writing documentary movies on immigration from Yemen and on the *ma'abarot*, and other subjects, and helping build Kol Israel's overseas service. In 1956, just before the Sinai campaign, Elkins became CBS Radio's stringer and settled in Jerusalem.

When you first started as a journalist here, was Jerusalem at the centre of the news media universe? Not too often. The 1956 war and the Eichmann trial were major stories, but otherwise it was hard to make your living here solely as a foreign correspondent.

Were the natives friendly to foreign correspondents then? Things were nicer in general. Israel was an exciting, but also a more relaxed and intimate place than it's become. Also, I wasn't a stranger, nor were most of the so-called foreign correspondents at that time — they were residents of the country.

Has a foreign correspondent in Israel who happens to be Jewish had to do anything, especially in recent years, to prove to his employers that he can be as tough on the Jewish state as the next guy? If an employer feels the need for this, it's up to the correspondent to resist. He has to resist leaning over backwards to prove that his Jewishness is not affecting his professional integrity.

What does trouble a correspondent who's Jewish, especially at times when Israel is perceived to be or is actually in danger, is the temptation to let his Jewish identity pull him toward bias — he has to resist that too. There's pressure on him from Israelis who expect him to slant his presentation of the news, and if he doesn't, will accuse him of forgetting he's a Jew.

A journalist who makes no bones about being Jewish yet who tries to report truthfully on all issues, including those about which he's most vitally concerned, is liable to catch it from all sides.

For example, I've consistently



Behind the Mike

Michael Elkins, who describes himself as 'a human being who happens to be a journalist,' admits that some stories 'make me want to scream.' He talks about the highs and lows of his 27 years as a foreign correspondent in Israel with A.E. NORDEN.

and they've benefited from that. But the coverage didn't reflect that immediately, did it?

No, because the Palestinian problem did not thrust itself upon the news media until the PLO began its terror raids and particularly until the people in the occupied territories began to protest against the Israeli occupation.

For years, Jordanian police and the Jordanian Legion had beaten people in the West Bank in the streets. How many times did you see that on television? Or hear it reported? Never. Or hardly ever. But it became a story when Israel became the occupier and allowed reporters and cameras in. It's the penalty of being a democracy, and I would have it no other way. But the basic element was the switch. David had become Goliath and the Palestinians had become David.

You say the Palestinians thrust themselves upon the media with terrorism and protests. Hasn't the media, willingly or unwittingly, been used?

Of course the Palestinians used the media. So did the Hagana. The freedom marchers in America used the media. All civil rights movements use the media. On the other side, Hitler used the media. Everybody uses the media, that's what it's there for. I see nothing wrong with that. What I see can be problematic is how the media reports.

Can you be specific?

A couple of elements come into this. One is that a pervasive sympathy for the underdog coloured the reporting about Israel in 1967. Israel then was perceived as endangered. But the Six Day War established Israel as a great military power. The Palestinians became the underdogs.

bothered by Israel. This reflected itself in a certain change in public opinion in those countries, irrespective of the media.

Irrespective? I wonder. You've been a correspondent for CBS, for Newsweek, and for the BBC. Didn't you feel that your bosses, who drink with the policy-makers in London and Washington, had their own ideas on what should be written or said about the Middle East crisis?

They have their own ideas, which often run contrary to what I think is fair and correct. But I don't have any problem with that. My problem comes if and when what they think comes out as if it were coming from me. In this respect, I've had quite different experiences with CBS, Newsweek and the BBC.

Newsweek — like *Time* and *Der Spiegel* and *Le Point* — handles every story as a cooperative effort. On a Middle East story, there's input from the correspondents in Amman, Beirut, Jerusalem and so on, and it's all put into one big pot in New York or Washington and stirred around. The story when it's published doesn't necessarily reflect the view of any one correspondent, nor does it indicate whose views it is reflecting. I don't like that and I don't do it anymore.

I report for the BBC. When they say "Our Correspondent in Jerusalem," that's me. On the Newsweek they carry me in voice. They may cut it because I've run long. In most cases they cut it where I have said, "If you have to cut, cut there." But they have no right to change the thrust, and in 16 years they have changed it very, very, very rarely. When they have done so, I have raised hell and it has been corrected. That's why I loved reporting for the BBC.

Why did you quit as a Newsweek correspondent after the Yom Kippur War?

It was a question of personalities — serious disagreements with the then foreign editor — together with the nature of news-magazine journalism, where there's no clear image of what the correspondent has to say.

And why did you quit CBS?

On the first morning of the Six Day War, I told both CBS and the BBC that the war was won. I knew the results of the Israeli air strikes and it was obvious the Arabs couldn't use their armour if they didn't have air support. Both CBS and the BBC held up broadcasting the news because it was almost unbelievable.

There were two differences, though. Number one, I was new to the BBC. They perhaps had reason to be uneasy. But I'd worked for CBS for 11 years and I hadn't made any gross errors of fact, so they should have trusted me.

Diffidence number two was that the BBC held my dispatch up and then broadcast it some hours later and kept quiet and sweated it out until it was confirmed. CBS held it up and then broadcast it and sent me a telex which said — and I remember it well — "Your instant victory broadcast widely used radio television, creating nationwide sensation. There is no support from any other source. You had better be right."

And I thought, you bastards! What are you going to do if I'm wrong? Take blood? So I quit.

To get back to the BBC. In spite of your broadcasts, the man in the street in Israel believes that the BBC has a leaning to the Arab point of view and that this generally colours its reporting on the subject of Arabs and Jews. Is there anything to that?

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (King David Hotel, Sunday at 9:00 p.m.; Hilton, Little Theatre, Wednesday at 9:00 p.m.)

CLASSICAL GUITAR — With Yoel Akiron, (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yoel Salomon, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.; with Avner Straus, Zorba the Buddha, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

DANCE FREE — Dance improvisations to music. (Tel Or, 1 Hahistadrut, Sunday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Beit Ha'am, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

FOLKSONG EVE — Ruth Toller, (Hanz & Gretz, 47 Enck Refaim, Sunday) Joe Black (Hanz & Gretz, Tuesday)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Flavour of Israel dancers. (Palmer Teyman folkdancers, Shofar drummers, International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12a Enck Refaim, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

IMPROVISATIONS — With audience participation. Directed by Aliza Rosen and Arye Mark. (Pargud, 94 Bezalet, tonight at 9:30)

JAZZ — Dan Mallow, piano; Saul Ghidone, trumpet; Eric Heller, bass. (Katy's Restaurant, 15 Rivlin, today from 2:00 to 5:00)

JAZZ — (Pargud, 94 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — (Israel Centre, 1 Strus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YIDDISH & HEBREW FOLKSINGING — with Danny Ziff (Plaza Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Hilton, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIK LAVIE & YIZHAR COHEN — (Beit Leslin, 34 Weizmann, tonight at midnight)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEIM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Michael Schneider, Jill Goldwasser and Barry Langford. In English. (Hilton, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — Written and directed by Dan Almogor. (Beit Leslin, tomorrow and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

COUNTRY EVE — With Steve Taylor. (Jaffa, Haemta, 8 Masal Dagim, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Givrol, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

GUITAR HAPPENING — Boldi Ollier & Co. (Beit Leslin, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 10:45 p.m.)

HAYUROT HAZEMER — (Beit Leslin, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE HILLBILLIES — (Moudon Shabul, Dizengoff Centre, Tuesday at midnight)

JAZZ — (Moudon Shabul, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at midnight)

JAZZ CELLAR — (Beit Leslin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ FIVE — The Nigun Performers (Jaffa, Haemta, Sunday at 10:30 p.m.)

MEXICAN FOLKSONGS — Alberto Lavinini. (Haemta, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

MITCH HILLER — (Moudon Shabul, tomorrow at midnight)

NEWSOUNDS — Dafna & Shaul Ben-Ami, (Zorba the Buddha, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shimon Bar Aba, Gidi Giv, Shimon Yaviv, Momi Moshe, Yoni Rechter. (Tzavta, tonight at midnight, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

SHALOM HANOCH — (Hilton, Yad Lebanon, tonight at 10)

SONGS — SACHED AND PROFANE — With Meir Ariel. (Haemta, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

THE SPIRIT OF ISRAEL — Folklore show. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

YEHUDIT RAVITZ — (Beit Leslin, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

Haifa

MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR — Sponsored by the Haifa Youth Symphony Orchestra. This week's programme: Jewish Havdala Music. (Beit Hahametz, 21 Hagunim, tomorrow)

PLURIELLE — A dialogue of chit and song between two chansons singers in French. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

SPANISH SONGS — Ariel Amur, Alicia Dor, Pepe Pelta, Amur Trumper. (Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD — (Eilat, Moshav Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — (Lod, Orly, Wednesday)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Beersheba, Gilat, tonight at 9; Yagur, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

DON'T LEAVE ME — Musical depicting four periods in the settlement of Israel. (Ramle, Migdal, Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — In 'Cracker vs. Cracker', written and directed by Yussu Bani. (Carmel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Michael Greenblatt, piano, Sol Berenson, saxophone. (Herzliya, Sharon Hotel, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

OSHNIK LEVY — (Or Akiva, tonight at 9)

SAFAID'S OLD JEWISH QUARTER — Conducted tours including synagogues and cemetery. (Contact: Chaim Sidor at the Jewish Book Store, Defender's Square or leave message at 067/27260)

SHALOM HANOCH — (Eilat, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Moshav Eilat, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem through the Ages

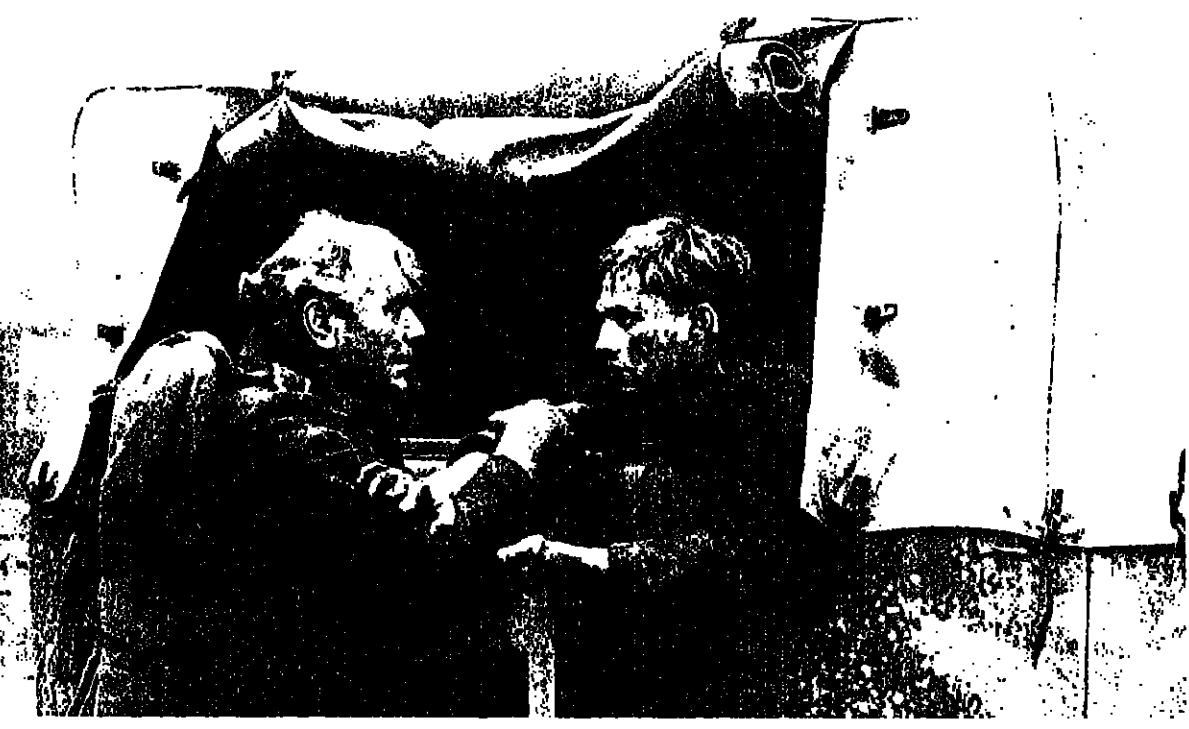
Sunday and Tuesday at 9:30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — The Citadel, Jewish Quarter, Old Yishuv Court Museum, reconstructed Sephardi synagogues, Western Wall.

Monday at 9:30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Wednesday at 9:30 p.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate, and last 3-3½ hours. Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.



Ernest Borgnine and Richard Thomas in the new adaptation of the novel "All Quiet on the Western Front."

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRURIVA — The Jerusalem Drama Workshop in a dramatisation of Talmudic and Midrashic sources, presenting the life of an enigmatic woman — relevant to our own day. Directed by Joyce Miller. (Pargud, 94 Bezalet, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

GOLD — By C.P. Taylor. Cameri production, directed by Han Ronen. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.; Tuesday also at 4:30 p.m.)

JUNO AND THE PEACOCK — Sean O'Casey's tragic-comedy about the Irish. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

MOVEMENT THEATRE — Interchange of roles and interactions between actors and audience. Movement: Ronit Landi; direction by Arye Mark; produced by Betty Olivar. (Pargud, Thursday)

SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD — By Athol Fugard. Khan Theatre production. (Khan, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

AMADEUS — Cameri production (Cameri, Thursday)

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD — By Mark Medoff, with Yehoram Gaon, Yola Ronen and Ruth Geller. (Beit Hahayal, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated, adapted by and starring Niko Nital. (Jaffa, Haemta, 8 Masal Dagim, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

GREAT AND SMALL — Cameri production. Directed by Han Ronen. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Givrol, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — By Hillel Mil-elpunk. Habimah production. (Habimah, tomorrow, Monday and Tuesday at 7 and 9:30)

ONSHIK LEVY — (Or Akiva, tonight at 9)

SAFAID'S OLD JEWISH QUARTER — Conducted tours including synagogues and cemetery. (Contact: Chaim Sidor at the Jewish Book Store, Defender's Square or leave message at 067/27260)

SHALOM HANOCH — (Eilat, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Moshav Eilat, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

Jerusalem

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Uri Segal, conductor, Alar Arad, violas. Works by Bach, Haydn, Paganini, Ligeti. (YNICA, tomorrow)

ISRAEL TRIO — Works by Haydn, Shostakovich, Brahms. (Israel Museum, tomorrow), With Meir Rimon, horn. Works by Brahms. (YNICA, Sunday)

PIANO RECITAL — Pinna Salzman. (Hebrew University, Mt. Scopus, Rosenblum Auditorium, Monday at 1:30 p.m.)

JERUSALEM QUARTET — Ben Sharon Crisban, Carmela Saghy, violins, Alma Richter, viola, Carol Pillegi, cello. Works by Mozart and Schubert. (Hebrew University, tomorrow and Sunday)

Tel Aviv area

11.11 SERIES — Rami Bar-Niv, piano, Robin Wiesel-Caputo, soprano, in a programme of Bach. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Givrol, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos, conductor, Salvatore Accardo, violin. Brahms: Violin Concerto; Nielsen: Symphony for Strings; De Falla: The Three-Cornered Hat. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow through Tuesday)

Haydn: Symphony No. 6; Paganini: Violin Concerto No. 1; Regner: Mozart Variations; Weinberger: Schwansee. (Mann Auditorium, Wednesday and Thursday)

RAVIV TRIO — Anna Rosovsky, violin, Harut Israeli, piano, Paul Blinsberger, cello.

Other towns

A JEWISH SOUL — (Givat Haim, Sunday at 9 p.m.; Rehovim, Monday at 9 p.m.; Beit Shean, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Kfar Tabor, Wednesday at 9:15 p.m.)

JUNO AND THE PEACOCK — (Eshkol Centre, Wednesday)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — (Afula, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

KING SOLOMON AND THE COBBLER — (Kiryat Haim, tomorrow and Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE PATRIOT — (Petah Tikva, Shureit, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Kirat Menahem, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

TASHMIAD — (Kfar Harav, tonight at 9:30; Petah Tikva, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THEM — Directed by Joe Chaikin. Presented by the Theatre Group. (Givat Haim, tomorrow and Sunday at 1 p.m.; Kiryat Shmona, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

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THEM — Directed by Joe Chaikin. Presented by the Theatre Group. (Givat Haim, tomorrow and Sunday at 1 p.m.; Kiryat Shmona, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Jerusalem Cinemas

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Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri., Jan. 14 at 2.30.
Private Benjamin
Guns of Navarone
Sat., Jan. 15:
Deaths On The Nile 7
French Lieutenant's Woman 9.30
Sun. Jan. 16:
Private Benjamin 7
Guns of Navarone 9
Mon., Jan. 17:
French Lieutenant's Woman 7
Deaths On The Nile 9.15
Tue., Jan. 18:
Lord of the Rings 6.45
Arthur 9.15
Wed., Jan. 19:
Lord of the Rings 6.45
Arthur 9.15
Thur., Jan. 20:
Mons. Python And The Holy Grail 7.9

EDEN
2nd week
RAIDERS OF THE GOLDEN COBRA CHEST
4, 7, 9

EDISON
6th week
The giant cinema hit
A Steven Spielberg film
E. T.

HABIRAH
GABRIELA
4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Sun. Mon., Wed., Thur. 3.30
CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG
Tue. 6.30
ALL THAI JAZZ

KFIR
6th week
GOOD LUCK
Today at 2.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL
2nd week
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
6.45, 9

ORGIL
A POLICEWOMAN CALLED LOUIS
* LOUIS DE FUNES
4, 7, 9

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AUTHOR! AUTHOR!
* AL PACINO
* DYANE CANNON
Sat. 7.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
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* GEORGE KENNEDY
* BARBARA EDEN
Sat. 7.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON
3rd week
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
4, 6.30, 9

SEMDAR
4th week
REDS
Sat. 7.15
Weekdays 4

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UNIA

2nd week
TEMPEST
6.30, 9

Tel Aviv Cinemas

ALLENBY
2nd week
Tonight at 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER
Based on the novel by Rebecca West
* JULIE CHRISTIE
* GLENDA JACKSON
* ANN MARGRET
* ALAN BATES

BEN YEHUDA
2nd week
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
Based on the novel by Erich Maria Remarque
* RICHARD THOMAS
* ERNEST BORGINNE
* DONALD PLEASANCE
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN 1
6th week
Friday night 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 11 a.m., 4.45, 7.30 p.m.
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

E.T.
THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL
A Steven Spielberg production

CHEN 2
5th week
Friday night 9.50, 12.15
Saturday 7, 9.30 p.m.
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

MISSING
A Costa Gavras film
* JACK LEMMON
* CISSY SPACEK

CHEN 3
11th week
RAGTIME
Tonight 10, Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 6.20, 9.15

CHEN 4
5th week
* ANGELA LANDSBURY
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 11 a.m., 5, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS
From Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

BEAU GESTE
* MARTY FELDMAN

CHEN 5
4th week
Friday night 9.45, 12.20
Saturday 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7, 9.30

LAST DAYS OF LOVE
* DIANE KEATON
* ALBERT FINNEY
From Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m.
* DONA FLORES
* HERZ HUS-BANDS
* BONIA BRAGA

CINEMA ONE

Israeli film
TZANANI FAMILY
Tonight 10 only
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Closed for renovations

DEKEL
4th week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

STILL OF THE NIGHT
* ROY SCHEIDER
* MERYL STREEP

DRIVE-IN
Tonight 10: Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
SILENT LOVE
Tue. 5.30
WISE
Every night at 12.15 midnight
See film

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3rd week
A charming film for the entire family

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I COULD HEAR
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT
18th week
Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 6.30, 9.30

VICTOR VICTORIA
* JULIE ANDREWS

NEW CINEMA GORDON
83 Ben Yehuda Ed., Tel. 244373
11th week
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

TEMPEST
* JOHN CASSAVETES
* GENA ROWLANDS

HOD
Israeli Premiere
MOTHER LODE
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
111 Hayarkon St.
Michel Piccoli film
Sat. 7.30
SEPT MORTS
SUR ORDONNANCE
Tue. 7.30
DES ENFANTS GATES
Wed. 4
LA BELLE ET LA BETE

LEVI
Discofilm Centre Tel. 288868
3rd week

THE NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO
A Paolo and Vittorio Taviani film.
Cannes film festival special award.
Friday 10.00 p.m., Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II
Discofilm Centre Tel. 288868
14th week
East Wind

HAMSIN
Tonight 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEAD END STREET

LIMOR

3rd week
Victor Hugo's
LES MISERABLES
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Today 2.30 p.m.:
MARATHON MAN
Tonight 10.12
WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE
Sat. 11 a.m.: SUPERMAN I

MOGRABI
3rd week
Today 10
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEER HUNTER

ONLY
9th week
A LITTLE SEX
* TIM MATSON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS
5th week
SHE DANCES ALONE
"Dynamite"
Hollywood Reporter
"Inspiring"
L.A. Times
Today 10 a.m., 12 noon; 10 p.m., 12 midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PEER
7th week
* TIMOTHY HUTTON
(Academy award winner - Ordinary People) in a new, dramatic film

A LONG WAY HOME
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO Tel. 293817
2nd week
THE GIFT
Tonight 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Wednesday 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

* CLIO GOLDSMITH
* CLAUDIA CARDINALE

SHAHAF
6th week
PRIVATE POPSICLE
Today 8.30, 10.30, 12.20 (midnight)
Sat. 7.15, 9.15, 11.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15
Sat. 11 a.m.: ROAR

TAMUZ
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
TARZON
Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Thur. 4
BLACK STALLION
Today 2.30; Sat. 1.15, 11.45 p.m.
Paulina
CANTERBURY TALES

TCHOLET
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Isaac Stern in China

FROM MAO TO MOZART

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
4th week
IN FOR TREATMENT
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON
4th week
KING OF COMEDY
* ROBERT DE NIRO
* JERRY LEWIS
Dir.: Martin Scorsese
Friday 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV

Israel Premiere
With Burt & Dolly
The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas

Tonight at 10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

ORAH

8th and last week
4.6.45, 9

DEAD END STREET

* YORAM GAO
* ANAT ATZMON
* GILA ALMAGOR

PEER
HONKEY TONK FREEWAY
4, 6.45, 9

RON
6th week
SAPICHES
ESKIMO LIMON 4
4, 6.30, 9

SHAVIT
7th week and last week
A LONG WAY HOME

Petah Tikva Cinema

SHALOM
Sat. 7, 9.15 Sun., Tue., Thurs. 5, 7, 9
Mon. 7, 9 Wed. 9.15 only

Az Men Git Nemt Men

HERZLIYA Cinema

TIFERET
3rd week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15

ROCKY III

NETANYA Cinema

ESTHER
6th week
PRIVATE POPSICLE
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15
Matinees at 5

אז מען גיט - נעמט מען

Ramat Hasharon Cinema

★STAR
Tonight 9.30, 11.30; Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Tue. 9.30
DEAD END STREET

Sat. and weekdays 7
WHO DARES WINS

Sat. 11 a.m., 1.30; Tue. 9.15; Wed., Thur. 4
WATERSHIP DOWN

Hod Hasharon Cinema

BARAK
Sat. and weekdays 7
WHO DARES WINS
Sat. and weekdays 9.30
DEAD END STREET
Sat. 11 a.m., 1.30, Tue., Wed., Thur. 4
WATERSHIP DOWN

HAIFA
KEREN OR
Sat. and weekdays (exc. Tue.) 6.45, 9
Mon. 7.45
CAPTAIN NEMO
Tue. 9. ROMEO AND JULIET

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- * Members of Kibbutzim and Moshavim
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MIGDAL
3rd week
Tonight 10: Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30

MISSING
Mat. 4.30; L'ANIMAL
* JEAN PAUL BELMONDO

SAVOY
THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS
Friday 10, Saturday 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

MUSIC

(Continued from page 4)

Other towns

ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Mendi Rodan, conductor. Maurice Bourque (France), oboe. Ma'ayan Sinfonietta on Jewish Folk tunes (premiere). Haydn: Oboe Concerto; Martinu: Oboe Concerto; Beethoven: Symphony No. 1. (Beersheba Conservatoire, tomorrow and Tuesday; Kfar Sava, Sunday; Kibbutz Afikim, Monday; Ashkelon, Yad Lebanonim, Tuesday).

PIANO RECITAL — George Barnum plays works by Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai, Sunday)

HAIFA — Also, KIKI-SHERBER, piano, VOSSI RABIN, horn, ELYAKUM

DANCE

ASIAN DANCE — Slides, lecture, demonstration. (Tel Aviv, Central Library of Music and Dance, 26 Bialik, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY — The

ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Mendi Rodan, conductor. Maurice Bourque (France), oboe. Ma'ayan Sinfonietta on Jewish Folk tunes (premiere). Haydn: Oboe Concerto; Martinu: Oboe Concerto; Beethoven: Symphony No. 1. (Beersheba Conservatoire, tomorrow and Tuesday; Kfar Sava, Sunday; Kibbutz Afikim, Monday; Ashkelon, Yad Lebanonim, Tuesday).

YOUTH CONCERT — Arie Yurdi, piano. Dance pieces: minuettes, mazurkas, polkas... (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4.15 p.m.)

WHO'S WHO — Creative theatre (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA

CLASSICAL AND LIGHT — Concert with explanations with Amos Meller and soloists. (Jaffa, Hasmita, 8 Maza Dagim, tomorrow at 4 p.m.)

PETER AND THE WOLF — Children's play with music by Prokofiev. For ages 5-12. (Beit Levin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

MOTKE — Operetta for children. (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.)

DRAMA WORKSHOP — By Muti Baharav. Presented by the Children and Youth Theatre. (Tzava, 30 Ibn Givrol, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE DONKEY-PRINCE — Play with actors and puppets based on the Grimm Brothers' tale. (Rehovot, Wiv Auditorium, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LAMA LAMA LAM — Puppet and mask show. (Bat Dor, 30 Ibn Givrol, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

OVER THE OCEAN — By Bialik. Directed by Bilha Maas. (Bat Yon, Beit Hashidrut, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

SONGS, STORIES, PANTOMIME — (Jaffa, Hasmita, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Other towns

FROM LEAH GOLDBERG WITH LOVE — With Bilha Maas and Benny Nadler. Directed by Bilha Maas. (Beit Shean, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

JOURNEY TO OLEY ISLAND — Play directed by Bilha Maas. (Kfar Sava, Sunday and Monday at 10.30 a.m.)

PETER AND THE WOLF — (Kiryas Malachi, Tuesday at 4 p.m.; Yehud, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact Box Office.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT — A TV adaptation of the famed Remarque novel with special effects and color, but far from the powerful impact made by the original.

ARTHUR — A romantic comedy set in New York, starring Sir John Gielgud, Dudley Moore and Liz Minelli. The film is funny most of the time, but lacks subtlety.

BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS — Happy-go-lucky Walt Disney musical with a mixture of fact and fantasy, including a long animated cartoon sequence. Directed by Robert Stevenson with music and lyrics by Richard and Robert Sherman. Stars Angela Lansbury and David Tomlinson. Entertainment for all ages.

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT — A psychiatrist searches for the murderer of a patient, in this thriller that owes much, but sadly not enough, to the spirit of Alfred Hitchcock. Meryl Streep and Roy Scheider directed by Robert Benton.

IN FOR TREATMENT (OPNAME) — A realistic and painful human document, about a man who has to learn to live with death as his constant companion, after being hospitalized for cancer. It may be too literal to be called art, but it is literal enough to be human.

DEATH ON THE NILE — Beautiful, but spoiled hearse Linnell Ridgeway is murdered on her honeymoon aboard a luxury liner sailing down the Nile. Whodunnit? Agatha Christie's thriller has been adapted to the screen with a large measure of success due to a bevy of film stars whose many talents help to nurse along the story whenever it begins to lag.

THE DEER HUNTER — Without broaching the question of America's moral right to be in Vietnam, this is an epic war film that tells the story of three working-class buddies, who are indelibly scarred in the Vietnam war. Winner of five Oscars, this three-hour film should not be missed.

E.T. — A creature from outer space, stranded on Earth, is helped by a bunch of kids to regain his spaceship. A heartwarming, cheerful thriller, which recaptures the charm and excitement of cinema in its prime. Directed by Steven Spielberg.

FAME — An exuberant explosion of young singing, singing and dancing talent lights up the screen in a multi-faceted story purporting to describe life at the New York High School of Performing Arts.

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN — Brilliant — if somewhat too intellectual — adaptation of John Fowles' bestseller by director Karl Reisz and playwright Harold Pinter. Meryl Streep is superb as the tormented, almost pathological Sarah.

FROM MAO TO MOZART — Academy Award winner for best documentary, the film covers violinist Isaac Stern's visit to China, and shows him performing, listening and instructing. The successful encounter between two vastly different musical traditions suggests a possible common denominator for all peoples.

HAMSIN — Jews and Arabs clash in a Galilee moshav, as the government is about to expropriate registered Arab lands. A sobering look at the troubled relations between the two peoples, gradually escalating into pure hatred. Daniel Wachman directs his cast with a sure hand and establishes an authentic background.

THE HERITAGE — Describes the destruction of a wealthy 19th century Roman family by an ambitious and beautiful woman of petit bourgeois origin. An almost flawless and superbly controlled drama of passion and intrigue. Highly commendable performances by Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn.

KING OF COMEDY — An anonymous stand-up comedian tries to force a famous TV personality to help him get a crack at greatness. Robert de Niro and Jerry Lewis are splendid under the direction of Martin Scorsese.

A LONG WAY HOME — Typical TV fare accidentally gone theatrical. Abandoned children, two brothers and a sister, are split up by adoption authorities. Elder brother refuses to accept his fate, and will strive to reunite the family, after reaching adulthood, with the help of sensitive social worker. Authentic problem, sentimental but superficial treatment, nice cameo by Brenda Vaccaro.

MISSING — The end of the socialist dream for Chile and its return to the despotic control of the army, is the theme of Costa-Gavras' latest film. Like in his other movies — the left is always right and the right is always wrong.

THE NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO — A powerfully poetical rendition of a World War Two episode describing the exodus of half the population in a small Italian town, shortly before their deliverance by the American Forces. A strong reminder by directors Paolo and Vittorio Taviani that history repeats itself.

ON GOLDEN POND — Henry Fonda, daughter Jane and Katherine Hepburn appear together in this crowd-pleaser which has everything you've been yearning for — big stars, smart dialogue, intelligent plot and attractive locations.

PRIVATE BENJAMIN — A thoroughly amusing comedy about a Jewish princess who turns into a liberated and very determined young woman after a stint with the U.S. Army. Goldie Hawn is shown at her best in the first movie she has produced herself.

SHE DANCES ALONE — Kyra Nijinsky runs away with this film originally intended for the memory of her famous father, and displays a splendidly disorganized mind and personality, infuriating and fascinating at the same time. The spectator will feel as dazed and enthralled as director Robert Dornheim.

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE? — George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset and Robert Morley star in this comedy-thriller that goes on a tour of some of Europe's greatest restaurants. With food prepared by master chef Paul Bocuse, the film proves a succulent saga, indeed.

XANADU — Combining the Big Band sound of the '40s, the Rock-Roller/Disco sound of the '70s and the philosophy of William S. Burroughs may not be easy but this movie does it. Plot and dialogue are eminently forgettable but the film provides fine escapism entertainment on an unabashed big scale.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

BY PRESENTING Robert North's *Troy Games* (elsewhere called *Troy Game*) the Batsheva Dance Company faced a bold challenge at the Habimah Theatre on January 9; comparison with memories of the Dance Theatre of Harlem in July 1981.

They stood up to it to a marked degree. Though six men could obviously not do what 12 New Yorkers did, they filled the stage. Though their bodies were not the glistening bronze that made the Harlem men look like ancient terracotta figures come to life, the Batsheva dancers were muscular enough for the strenuous leaping, sparring, building pyramids, somersaulting.

What they failed to create was the intimate sense of communication that the Harlem dancers immediately established. They were funny — especially Haim On and the young one who tried to measure up to his seniors (I couldn't sort out his name); but even those two just offered fun, didn't share it with the audience. In all, they were too serious about their macho displays and rivalries. David Dvir, for instance, showed no narcissistic vanity in his solos — which is the whole point of the work that an American critic has called "jocular-jock."

The performance was robust and entertaining, as audience reaction indicated, but it actually missed the name of the game — or games. The music, a mainly African and Latin American beat, was described in the programme as "traditional Brazilian batuque."

Igal Perry's new work, *Autumn*, had charm but could hardly hold its own against the powerful music of Mahler's *Songs of the Wayfarer*. The dancers seemed dwarfed by the voice (singer's name not given), which was too loudly taped anyway.

Pale by comparison



DANCE Dora Sowden

Four couples wore costumes in warm shades (by Perry himself) — the women, becoming dresses, the men, only trousers. Indeed, the early part of the work suggested spring more than autumn, and so did the romantic duet danced by David Dvir and Shelley Sheer. Only in Nira Triffon's solo and the later ensemble did the autumnal quality take form. The abstract design appeared a little outdated amid modern trends, but not the less attractive for all that.

Also on the programme were repeats of Ivan Feller-Vasiev's *Living Games* (music: André Hajdu) in a revised version which included the forming of a Magen David from the stretchy garments the dancers used; and Issa Mylitsky, choreographed and danced by Ofra Doudai and Amir Kolben to music played on the oud and sung by Ahmad Masrie with telling effect.

HIS NAME is Ciro — just that. Spanish born, he danced for 15

years in the United States as an artist on the Sol Hurok roster. Since returning to Spain in 1976, having given up dancing, he has had a studio in Madrid and choreographs for various companies — among them the Spanish National Ballet and the Boston Opera directed by the famous Sarah Caldwell (dances for *La Traviata*, *Carmen* and *Don Quixote*). For the past fortnight he has been working with Dalia Low for her new programme of Spanish dance, which will be presented at the end of February.

Ciro did not come here initially for the purpose of choreographing for the Israeli dancer. He had always wanted to see Jerusalem, and in December he came to this country with some friends for a

week's vacation. But he had seen Dalia Low at the studios in Madrid where she was doing classes and rehearsing and had admired her work. When he arrived here he telephoned her at her Herzliya studio, and she persuaded him to stay on and choreograph some new works for her.

This has been a rush job for Ciro, because he has to be back in Madrid; but he has nevertheless created three solos, with decor and lighting. Low will be assisted in her new programme by Spanish flamenco singer Juan Heredia (who was here in an earlier season) and Spanish guitarist Juan Soto. A classical guitarist will also participate in the forthcoming "Recital Evenings of Spanish Dance."

PEOPLE often ask me whether a visiting dance company has anything in its programme that would appeal to their children. Israel companies do offer special

programmes for the young — mostly at schools and occasionally in a theatre. I think there could be more of those: they seem to be well attended. Now, however, there is this question of visiting companies.

No company should play down to what it thinks children can take and my experience is that children grasp more than adults give them credit for. Yet over-sophisticated classical or modern ballet with no story line, no humour and no strong action may safely be omitted.

I've seen young audiences (five to 15) delight in the Israel Ballet's *Graduation Ball* (Lichine) and the Kibbutz Dance Company's *Greetings* (Nils Christie) and *Walkie Talkie* (Heda Oren). I have yet to see a programme by a visiting company that caters so well to budding fans, young pupils, and adults who are just beginning to develop a taste for dance. Their numbers are growing rapidly.

Some visiting companies give matinee and late-afternoon performances and that's all to the good; but parents complain that these are not always publicized early enough. Before they are able to organize their days or find out the date, the show is over or very nearly so. Agents for visiting companies should note this.

PLANS ARE going ahead for an international congress on Movement Notation to be held in Israel during August. It will probably coincide with the 1983 Israel Festival — which, I hear, is to be moved back from mid-July to mid-August. About 200 participants are expected to come here for the congress, according to Mr. Barry Swersky, who is an executive member of the Dance section of the International Theatre Institute (ITI) which is sponsoring the project.

Golans new heights

MENACHEM GOLAN last week launched production of his new feature film *Sahara* with an announcement of such consequence to the future of the local movie industry that his several hundred luncheon guests temporarily lost interest in actress Brooke Shields. Together with his cousin and long-time partner Yoram Globus, Golan has begun building a Hollywood-style studio in Ma'aleh Adumim. At the helm of "G.G. — Israel Studios for Film and Television, Inc." will be Yitzhak Kol, director-general of, and driving force behind, Herzliya United Studios.

For a small country with a small film industry, the very scope of the Golan-Globus project is staggering. Taking advantage of the generous benefits the government gives to those who invest in the West Bank, the duo have planned a 320 dunam, \$10m.-plus complex. The studio will include six sound stages (two each for filming, TV and recording), workshops for set-building, dressing- and make-up rooms, facilities for direct and satellite TV transmission, production offices, editing rooms, warehouses for storing props, scenery and equipment.

BETWEEN ACTS Joan Borsten

On the grounds, G.G. will erect 40 villas for staff. At a later stage, a small airport will be built, as well as a 20,000 seat amphitheatre and, eventually, "Bible City." The latter, like Universal Studio's profitable "Movie Land," will be made up of sets that can be used by local and foreign productions, and will also be a tourist attraction.

Almost \$4m. will be invested initially by Golan-Globus (or their American company, Cannon) and interested Germans. An additional \$6m. will come from the government, 35 per cent in the form of an outright grant, 40 per cent as a loan on easy terms. Additionally, G.G. will benefit from the many incentives given to attract "approved industries" to the West Bank — among them subsidized land and participation in the cost of staff training, as well as exemption from income tax for the first five years after the enterprise shows a profit.

"I'm not going to Ma'aleh

Adumim because of my political beliefs," Golan told *The Jerusalem Post*. "In fact, I've long been a backer, though not a member, of the Labour Party. We decided on Ma'aleh Adumim for two reasons: financial and location — it's only a seven-minute drive from Jerusalem. I know that Tel Aviv is the centre of the local film industry, but 90 per cent of the foreign productions which have come to Israel have not filmed there. They have wanted to be in Jerusalem and the south — Masada, Sdom, the Negev, Eilat and Sinai. So, as I wanted to attract foreign production to Israel, the outskirts of Jerusalem is the logical place for a studio."

HOW DOES Golan plan to attract enough foreign companies to keep the six sound stages booked year round?

G.G., he says, will be stocked with the best equipment available: a million dollars worth has already been brought here for use on *Sahara*, the largest production ever filmed locally. The studio itself will be as sophisticated as any in England, France or Italy. The

(Continued on page 7)



THE BEAUTIES AND ... Bo Derek and Ursula Andress, seated with Yoram Globus and Menachem Golan at a premier party.

This Week in Israel-The Leading Tourist Guide This Week in Israel-The Leading

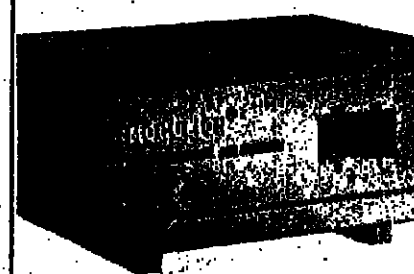
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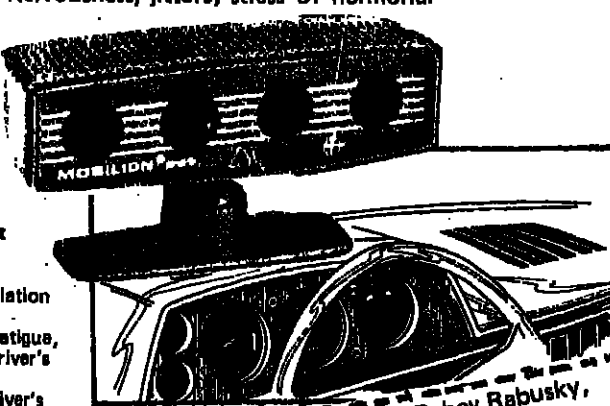
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Pedestrian Bridges

TEN YEARS AGO Alan Bridges, a British film director with a nice reputation in TV behind him, arrived at the Cannes Film Festival with a film entitled *The Hireling*. Based on an L.P. Hartley novel, it told the story of a doomed love between a lady and her driver somewhere at the turn of the century, with the British countryside as background.

The jury in Cannes found it prize-worthy but very few people were fooled. Prizes have as much to do with politics as with quality. And whatever reasons were behind that specific prize, it was pretty obvious that at best *The Hireling* could be considered a sort of second-hand version of *The Go-Between*. Joseph Losey's film was awarded a prize only a couple of years earlier, and stood out as one of the most impressive films produced in the Seventies.

There were just too many similarities to ignore. L.P. Hartley provided the dramatic material in both cases. The core of each plot was prejudice and class-distinctions among post-Victorian gentry in the English countryside. Impossible romances which could not bridge the deep social and psychological gap triggered the drama. In each case, it was all wrapped up in the landscape's pastoral splendour.

But there was a difference between a great director and a more pedestrian one, an inspired scriptwriter and a professional, a splendid cast and one merely good. Losey conveyed the magic of the surroundings, and made them part of the drama. He moved his camera with grace and intelligence (he owed a lot to cinematographer Gerry Fisher), and transformed what might have been old-fashioned material into a story with relevance today.

Harold Pinter contributed what may be one of the cleverest and most sensitive scripts ever written by a playwright for cinema, and Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Michael Redgrave, the child actor Dominic Guard, and Margaret Leighton, Edward Fox and Michael Hough, in some of the relatively secondary roles, gave superlative performances.

In comparison, *The Hireling* seemed just what it was — a piece of outdated romance, directed very accurately and neatly by Bridges, but with a touch of the routine about it. It was made from an adaptation by Wolf Mankowitz which never tried to go beyond the original. Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw played quite nicely, thank you, but they didn't excite one overmuch. Without the Losey model, it could be considered an honest, respectable movie; the inevitable comparison didn't do it any good.

SO WHY reminisce about years ago? For a very simple reason. Alan Bridges is back with a new movie, which he presented last year in Cannes, and it seems that nothing has really changed for him in the last 10 years. He is still the dedicated workman, and no doubt an efficient user of mass-production TV techniques, even quality TV (you may remember David Mercer's *Let's Murder Vividly*, which was directed by Bridges and screened here), but no film he still emerges second best. The particular reason for this is that in the same manner as 10 years back, he bases himself on a model which he doesn't equal. This time



Christie in "Return of the Soldier."

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

he started, not from a Hartley novel, but Dame Rebecca West's *Return of a Soldier*, her first novel, with its evocation of World War I (it was published in 1918), the burgeoning women's movement, and the new Freudianism.

The soldier is Chris, an officer, and a respectable country gentleman (again), with a beautiful home in a beautiful landscape (yet again). He is sent back home from the front, suffering from shell-shock. He has lost all memory of the last 13 years in his life, and has forgotten he married a pleasant girl of his own kind. What he wants is to take up again the relationship he had had at that earlier time with a plebeian girl.

Two women are waiting for him at home. One of them is his wife, Kitty, a repressed and repressive Victorian great lady, who knows exactly what is and isn't done, is very conscious of her position but a decent person in her own way, prim and composed and doing her best not to know what's going on outside her immediate concerns. His cousin, Jenny, is the soulful one; she has been secretly in love with him since childhood, and has drifted into spinsterhood because of this hopeless infatuation.

Both women are stunned by their man's request to meet someone called Margaret, but realize this may be the only way to get to him, and so they bring her back into the story. Margaret, as it turns out, is married, looks her age or even a bit more, and has red, rough hands from all her household chores. Only her eyes indicate the person with whom Chris had been smitten 15 years ago.

THE AIM of all three women is, at least ostensibly, to bring Chris back to the point where he can remember everything, and again be in control of his life. A psychiatrist is called in to help, and Margaret's help is elicited, since it is believed she does not want to give up the life she created for herself after separating from Chris. The film, like the novel, documents his return to normalcy, and implies at the same time that this isn't the best state for him.

Bridges does his best to transpose

everything for the screen that Rebecca West had put into her novel. There are the women, imprisoned in the gilded or iron cages of their own preconceived ideas, and fearing to escape and fly off with their own wings. There is the war, a traumatic experience which must change anyone who has taken part in it. And there is the subconscious, into which a man escapes, in despair, when present life doesn't give any satisfaction.

All this is offered in a pat, intellectual and well-behaved way. Stephen Goldblatt's photography is artistic, whether he shoots landscapes or creates family portraits of one, two, three or more persons. The actors have the upper-class elocution of professionals concerned with how they sound and what they say. So why is it, after all, so uninspiring, predictable and unexceptional?

One reason may be that Bridges and his scriptwriter Hugh Whitmore deal in prototypes rather than types, which means each of the characters is more concerned with what he stands for than what he is. They leave us with different messages, all of them overexposed by the media in the last few years. And the actors, despite their well-known excellence, never do more than the correct thing, with the possible exception of Glenda Jackson, as Margaret, who it must be said has the most rewarding part.

WHATEVER one may think of Erich Maria Remarque as a novelist, *All Quiet on the Western Front* remains one of the most moving, powerful and sincere of anti-war protests. It is about War World I, and yet is as pertinent and painful to read today as it was then. World War I seems ancient history now, but human nature hasn't changed.

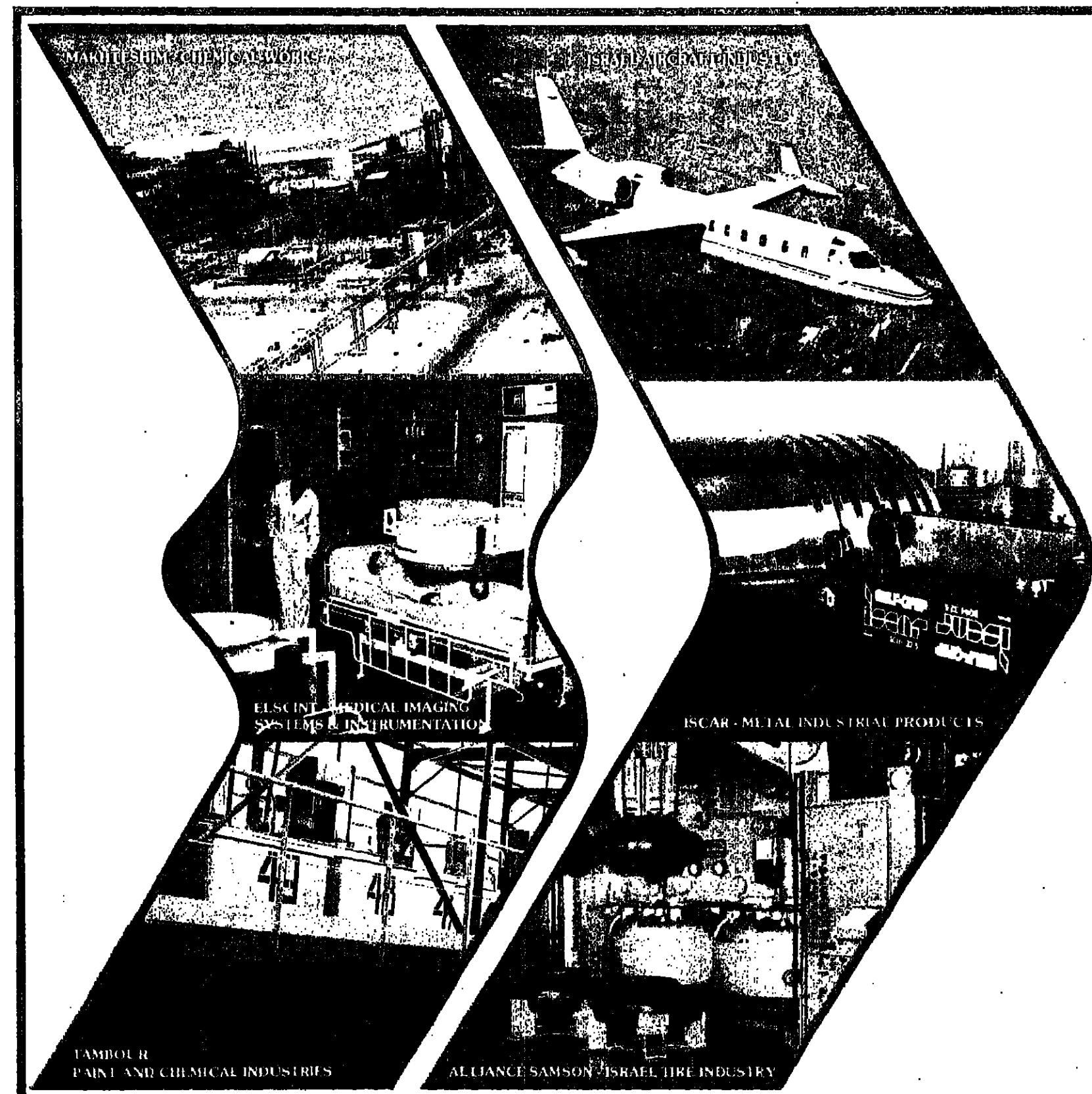
So the filming of this novel, today, is a really formidable task. Firstly, then is the Lewis Milestone classic version of the Thirties, which may have done less than justice to the vastness of the original, but caught its spirit most accurately. Its black and white (or should one say black and gray?) were particularly appropriate. Moreover, war films have become a genre of their own. The new film has to be exceptional; there is otherwise the danger that a new version of Remarque's book will resemble all the other war films made since Milestone.

And that's exactly what happened to Delbert Mann's new version of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It's colourful, with lots of special effects, and everything's put in basic terms, so nobody could miss the significance of it all. It looks like another routine job.

It was originally a four-hour TV special, and cut to feature length for some territories. It has all the identifying marks of TV mini-series in its conception, simplification, and immediate identification for and against people and ideas. Even the visual style is imposed by the size of the screen. What's more, as often happens with these multi-purpose productions, the theatrical by-product seems a truncated version of the original.

Still, even in its present version, one can recognize the message intended by Remarque; now is certainly an appropriate time to show it in Israel. One only wonders how many people will feel like seeing it.

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This Week in Israel: The leading Tourist Guide



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Bezael Teachers
The Tip of the Iceberg No. 1 — 19th century French drawings and prints from the Museum's collection

Open Eye — design by Sandberg

Primitive Art from the Museum's Collection
Touch — exhibition for children

Portables — an exhibition from the Museum's collection

Toys and Games of the Ancient World — at the Rockefeller Museum

The Wonderful World of Paper — at the Rockefeller Museum

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Hanukkah Lamp — early 17th century, Poland

Japanese Miniature Sculpture
Model of a Shrine — pottery, ancient Moab, 9th-8th century BCE

Small Figurines of Humans
Clay Jug and Juglet

EVENTS

CONCERT

Saturday, January 14 at 20.30
THE ISRAEL TRIO
Alexander Volkov, piano; Manachem Bruer, violin; Zvi Harari, cello. On the programme: Trio in E-flat major, no. 3 by Haydn; Trio opus 87, no. 3 by Shostakovich; Trio in C major, opus 87 by Brahms.

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LECTURE in conjunction with the exhibition "BEZALEL — 1906-1929"
Monday, January 17 at 20.30
THE RISE AND FALL OF BEZALEL
Dr. Gideon Ofrat-Friedlander, Bezalel Academy

CHILDREN'S CONCERT

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Tuesday, January 18 at 18.00 & 20.30
"ALL THAT JAZZ" (USA, 1979)
Dir. Bob Fosse, with Roy Schieder

GALLERY TALK

Tuesday, January 18 at 19.15
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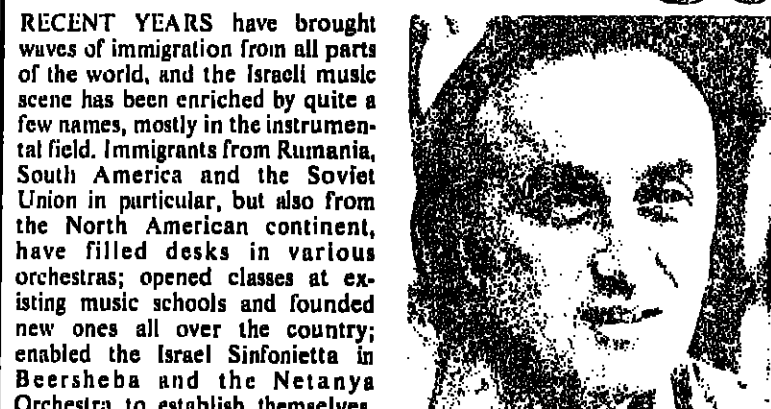
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An interesting premiere



Mark Kopytman: music to understand

MUSIC & MUSICIANS Yohanan Boehm

HE HIMSELF wants to write music that people can understand and enjoy. He gets some of his inspiration from folklore but does not quote actual songs. Intentionally and instinctively, he is absorbing the atmosphere of Israel and its various cultural components. He is emotionally very involved in this process, but pleads for a synthesis. He has used Ashkenazi liturgical elements and has introduced Yemenite folk into his more recent compositions. The catalogue of his works includes symphonies, string quartets, concertos and music for various instruments, and songs (since 1974 based on Hebrew poems by Yehuda Amichai).

Kopytman, who is on a sabbatical at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia as guest professor for composition (an exchange with Prof. George Rochberg), will cut short his visit to the U.S. to be present at this premiere.

MARK KOPYTMAN was born in Kamenetz-Podolsk in 1929. He studied music and medicine simultaneously and continued his study of composition during the two years he practised as a physician at a hospital near Lvov. He was accepted as a member of the national composers' union, which attests to his professional standard, since at that time only about 1,200 composers were admitted (Israel, with one-eighth of the population of the USSR, has more than 300 members in its composers' union). He taught theory and composition at various academies until he immigrated to Israel. Since 1973, Kopytman has been on the faculty of the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem and chairman of its theory and composition department.

Confuting the general assumption that the music of the 20th century is mostly unknown in countries behind the Iron Curtain, Kopytman was always up to date in his knowledge of contemporary techniques. He says that while Soviet music is subject to party control and only "suitable" works are passed for public performance, many composers write music in modern styles but have to keep it in their drawers. He himself does not use a dodecaphonic technique, although in 1974 he invented a dodecaphonic graph for use in the composition and analysis of serial and dodecaphonic music and to facilitate the search for variants and transpositions.

Kopytman found a wide spectrum of musical styles and idioms in Israel and was very surprised at the number of conservative and old-fashioned composers who remained within the limits of their former schooling and backgrounds. He insists that students must learn all techniques before they perceive their own attitude and develop an indigenous expression.

participate in addition to Kopytman, this time, are Mauricio Kagel, Iannis Xenakis, Hans Joachim Hespos, Tomas Marco and Leon Schidlowsky.

Born in Argentina in 1931, Kagel made his name mainly by taking every opportunity to shock people with irreverent but often brilliant innovations. He uses every audiovisual technique and aims at creating "musical theatre." Trying to out-Cage John Cage, he never tires of springing surprises, earning himself such epithets as "Dadaist" and "anti-composer." His contribution to "Testimonium" is called simply "An Evening of Mauricio Kagel"; his own title is "The Creation of the World."

Iannis Xenakis, born in Rumania in 1922 of Greek parents, but now considered a French composer, is known mostly for mathematically-conditioned constructions with high-sounding titles. His work for "Testimonium" is based on *The Terrible Story of Rabbi Josef Dita Reine*, transcribed by Recha Freier.

Tomas Marco, born in Madrid in 1922, wrote *Concerto of the Soul* for violin solo and string orchestra. It is a setting of an anonymous 15th century poem, "Thanks to God." Heavily influenced by Karl Heinz Stockhausen, Marco was a pioneer of contemporary music in Spain.

Leon Schidlowsky has set selected parts of poems, old and new, for his *Oda* ("Ode"), scored for female voices and a chamber orchestra. Schidlowsky was born in Chile in 1931, studied there and in Germany and occupied several public positions in Chile before immigrating to Israel in 1969. He is professor of theory and composition at the Rubin Academy at Tel Aviv University.

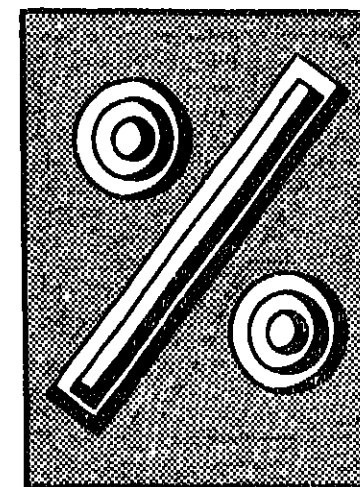
The German composer Hans Joachim Hespos participated in the International Music Week held in Israel in 1980 by the International Society for Contemporary Music and spent some months in a kibbutz. One outcome was his use of the call of a night bird as the basis for a wind quintet, and this apparently induced Freier to include him in her honours list of contemporary composers.

Born in 1938, Hespos does not adhere to any school or system. The *New Grove* describes the character of his music thus: "The disjoint nature of Hespos' work arises from a concentration on particulars; each phrase is precisely articulated, often requiring a frankly expressionist delivery ('like a scream,' 'agitated,' 'mangled')." Hespos dedicated his *Floks* to "Testimonium 1983." He explains that the word, which means "flow," comes from the North Sea Islands of Friesland, where flocks of birds perform a dawn song in the summer.

The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra will play under the batons of Juan Pablo Izquierdo and Thomas Baldner. The former, born in Chile in 1935, has conducted here so often that he needs no introduction. Thomas Baldner, who will be paying his first visit to Israel, was born in Berlin in 1928 and studied mainly in the U.S. Since 1976 he has headed the conducting department at the University of Indiana in Bloomington.

Uwe Scholz, who is producing the Kopytman work, is a German. Although he is barely 25, he is already well known in Europe as a choreographer and has staged many plays at the Darmstadt Theatre, operas in Stuttgart, and ballets for Béjart in Brussels.

Of stocks and bondage



Ephraim Kishon

A PROPER FATHER with his children's welfare at heart should know when to spare the rod and spank the child; how much more so a government, which is charged with the welfare of us all. The trouble is that some citizens won't heed their leaders' good advice, and neither stick nor carrot will make them abandon their economic views, be they as dated as last year's exchange rates.

Take the subject of imports and exports. The little Israeli used to consider the export of our products a national achievement, the more the better, while any rise in imports was a disaster. Economic theories are constantly updated, however, and the little citizen has come to realize over the past year or two that exports are, in fact, a frightful burden on our treasury.

The reason is that our Min. of Fin. is called on to support all kinds of productive enterprises, wasting huge sums in export subsidies, grants, boosts, and other forms of state charity, whereas a large-scale import of cars, televisions and video sets — to name but a few bare necessities — can put millions in the national kitty through customs, purchase tax and VAT. What's more, the government doesn't risk a thing, and spares itself having to court all those lousy investors.

The same applies to our foreign debts. Somehow we had this idea

that accumulating such debts was a Bad Thing, and it took us a long time to learn that the more money a country borrows abroad, the greater the readiness of financial institutions to keep it afloat with ever new loans, lest said country collapse and stop paying its debts altogether.

BUT WHILE our public is slowly beginning to grasp fundamentals like that, the Authorities are still having trouble with a small but vociferous minority on questions of labour, productivity, and other such obsolete concepts. We are talking of those diehard conservatives who choose to ignore the fact that wages lag consistently behind our 130 per cent inflation, whereas play on the stock market earns one a modest but steady annual income of up to 5,000 per cent without any sweat.

The real wonder is that such a minority still exists: people who prefer to devote their time and effort to actual, old-fashioned work, with all the bother and material loss involved, rather than take a loan at the bank, buy shares or trust funds like everyone else, and make an honest living that way.

Our financial authorities, we know, do what they can to wean this

stubborn lot away from its bad habits, both through information campaigns and, more simply — by punishing work. If, in other words, you insist on getting up in the morning and working all day like a fool, they slap a fine on you in the shape of a 60 per cent income tax plus Galilee, while if you provide for your family as you should by making a couple of phone calls to your

broker or bank, you are granted near total exemption on all your profits.

What is involved, to be sure, is only a small bunch of sworn workaholics. But a responsible government must provide all its citizens with a decent income. They are doing their best, as we said, by such things as punishing work, but let's face it: the Administration has no legal means at present to stop the citizen from engaging in physical or mental labour if he so wishes.

For the time being, therefore, it would appear that all the Admin can do is advise the population that if a man fancies working six days a week and handing over two-thirds of his earnings to the government, rather than opt for almost tax-free stocks and bonds, he is welcome to his precious job, we wish him joy at it.

SPEAKING for ourselves, we feel the government could do more to spread the message of all play and no work. It's in our own interest, after all, as anyone who bought himself some Maror stock on the exchange last year (at an annual profit of 558 per cent net), and a bit of Rubber Duhber (492 per cent net)

or hoisted in betimes on Yossi Pitzkel (644 per cent net) or on Yisrapop (547 per cent), will not only have it made as far as he himself is concerned, but won't be a burden on public and state.

From here it wants just a small step to the obvious conclusion that every citizen over 18 should be obliged by law to purchase bonds, index-linked, dollar-linked or shares. It's like compulsory education or national health insurance: the compulsory bond.

People at the Min. of Fin. object to such a law, arguing that it's hardly necessary to force the funds on a handful of stand-paters, as common sense is bound to prevail sooner or later. And then even the last of the workers will give in and move to the stock exchange of their own free will.

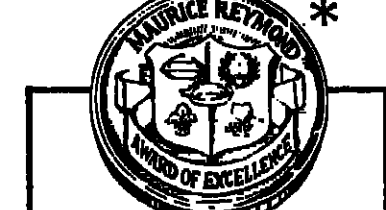
That is as may be, but we don't think the Min. should content itself with pious hopes or rely on miracles where the health of our economy is at stake, especially now that we are on the verge of economic independence.

Come to think of it, the compulsory bond idea seems so reasonable, this writer believes he'll take it to the stock exchange and issue 126,000 new shares op. B on it. Place your orders today.

Translated by Miriam Arad.
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The honourable spy

TELEREVIEW/Philip Gillon

IT WAS with a certain amount of trepidation that I looked forward to seeing a three-part series devoted to *The Mossad*, Israel's intelligence services abroad. The spying game in recent years has fallen into very low esteem, and has been systematically debunked in fiction, film and fact.

In fiction, the revelations about how nasty and treacherous spies can be started with the thrillers of Len Deighton and John Le Carré, particularly those of the latter. In a series of intricately and laboriously plotted accounts of what happened to poor old George Smiley, he disclosed that British Intelligence was riddled with traitors. The more charming, debonair, witty and Upper-Class they were, and the higher they rose in MI-5, the more inevitable was Smiley's ultimate discovery: they were all busy selling the Union Jack to the wavers of the Red Flag. What made the impact of these kind of thrillers so great was that the traitors never had much motivation to betray their country. In *The Honourable Schoolboy*, for example, we gathered that the villain's motive was merely a memory of what it was like to be a fug in Eton, or something like that. The preparatory school, the public school and the Varsity are apparently fertile breeding-grounds for treason. All these superficially absurd thrillers got added impact when they were translated into very entertaining and convincing films.

The other night, for instance, we enjoyed a great couple of hours with David Hemmings in *Charlie Muffin*, a typical example of the new genre, as compared to the old one, glorifying 007. Here the heads of British Intelligence and the CIA are depicted as immoral, morose, sadistic and psychopathic buffoons, who receive their deserved comeuppance at the hands of a secret agent they have wronged, abetted by General Valery Kalenin, the virtuous representative of the KGB. If Yuri Andropov is anything like Kalenin, service in the KGB may not be so revolting a training for the leadership of all the Russians as we thought.

Zany fact has added incredible fiction. It has become manifest that the entire British intelligence service is devoted to the USSR because this is the "U" thing to be, especially if you went up to Cambridge. The CIA (and the FBI) are every bit as bad, although, in the case of traitors from these institutions, they are still so indoctrinated with the American way of life that they at least have a good solid motive for selling out to Libya or the nearest buyer - they got very fat payments. So crude, compared to the British.

So, as I wrote before wandering off into a typical Le Carré diversification, it was with fear and trembling that I anticipated a three-part disclosure of what the Mossad was really like. There have been some very bad apples among us, such as the third man or the fourth man or whatever man or men there were in the Lavon Affair. And there was Dr. Israel Beer, who turned out to be a Russian agent. My fears proved to be totally groundless. Perhaps because *The Mossad* was made by a Dutch company and not the BBC, and was based on Uri Dan's book,

it presented our spies with admiration bordering on reverence, it belonged to the age of innocence when James Bond and not Anthony Blunt was the prototype.

At the start of one episode, Uri Dan produced a sagacious argument. The very name "Intelligence" that is applied to these services implies that they require a high level of intelligence. He then moved on to more questionable ground, he claimed that great intelligence is an Israeli attribute. Maybe it was, in the Seventies, the period with which the film was dealing, but it has become a very dubious proposition in the last five years.

There can be no doubt that Wolfgang Lotz, "The Champagne Spy," certainly qualified on this test of intelligence. His IQ must be record-breaking. He himself made the point that it was his actor's ability to get into the skin of a character and to become it that was responsible for his success in making spy history. The example he gave was very illuminating: an ex-Nazi colonel rang him up to tell him that the Jews had murdered Eichmann, and he answered on the spot, "We'll get the bastards for it." Even when he was interviewed years later in Germany, his manner was very much like that of a supercilious German Nazi officer. Asked about the letter-bombs sent to the German scientists, he shrugged and said it was all in the day's work.

He displayed far more emotion when he discussed the moral question of what would happen to the Egyptians who had befriended him, if ever their folly was to become public. About this aspect of the spying game he was clearly uneasy; it worried him that people whom he had come to like so much should suffer on his account. Still, he clearly agreed with the thesis, advanced earlier by Uri Dan, that the secret war had to have its casualties, like any other war. And it has to be remembered that his Egyptian friends deserved what they got because of their cupidity: of 13 crates he was allowed to bring through customs unopened, 12 contained "presents" - in plainer English bribes.

The series tried to do justice to Eli Cohen, but, since Lotz survived to look back at his experiences, and to analyse them with deserved self-satisfaction, we were left feeling that not enough was done to show us how Cohen felt, living in the top echelons of Syrian social, political and military life. This gap, of course, was not the fault of the producers. Between them, Cohen and Lotz made an immense contribution to our victories in the Six Day War. Because of its assumptions that patriotism is the highest virtue and that any means are justified if the end is one's country's welfare, the series had a naive, old-fashioned air about it. But it was good to see the Mossad presented in so non-sinister a light.

THE FRIDAY night magazine had a very curious item about the Golan Heights. It began by pointing out that a year had passed since Israel had annexed the region, and so the television crews were going there to see what had happened since the Knesset had passed an act that excited world-wide condemnation.

Revisiting people or places that were once hot news and were then dropped from page one to the inner pages, and eventually disappeared from the newspapers altogether, is always an interesting idea. For the news, topicality is all, and the public's threshold of boredom is very high; today's high drama is tomorrow's ennui. So returning to the scene of the crime, or whatever it was, a long time later, piques our curiosity - "Of course, I remember when so-and-so did such-and-such, I wonder what became of him?"

Such features, can be very interesting. I remember a programme of this kind about Yossi Schumacher. But the Friday night treatment of the Golan was very weird indeed, to say the least about it. It was *Hamlet*, not only without the Prince of Denmark, but also without the King, or the Queen, or The Ghost. Only the name remained intact.

We saw no Druse, from the Golan Heights or Israel, no lawyers to discuss the annexation, no policemen or army officers, to discuss the application of Israeli law. All we got were prominent Jewish residents of the Golan complaining about promises of economic ventures made to them and left unfulfilled, of thousands of potential settlers put off by bureaucratic failure to deliver homes and places of employment.

I think the TV crew got trapped in a prototype of a programme. If you had changed the name of the item to the Arava, or Ma'alot, or Kiryat Shmona, or the Negev, or this place or that place, you could have shown us exactly the same show with almost the same cast of characters.

Now that our appetites have been whetted by this *hors d'oeuvre* of the Golan, we would like to get the *entree*. How is the law working, a year after it was promulgated? How are the Golan Druse reacting? What does former Chief Justice Haim Cohn, who criticized our actions so strongly, have to say now? (Strangely enough, we heard him on the same magazine, portesting about immoral if not illegal searches, with never a word to say about the Golan).

DANNY PE'ER is a very genial host on *The Good Hour*: in fact, he seems to be far more relaxed than Meni Pe'er was. Somehow Meni always used to look rather anxious, like a diver on the high board, who believes that everything will be all right, but yet is tormented by a nagging worry that something may go wrong before he penetrates the water.

This week Danny certainly had marvellous people with whom to work. He started off with Larry Adler, who said that he would rather be Wimbledon tennis champion than the Grand Old Man of the mouth organists, but who nevertheless seemed to be reconciled to his destiny. I had not known that he had developed other talents, becoming a journalist and an expert writer about cuisine: despite his courtesy, he was forced to speak harshly about the kind of food served in our restaurants, without explaining why it was so bad. I happen to know the answer, but will keep quiet about it, for fear of giving offence, where offence is meant.

Then Danny brought us Brooke Shields, astonishingly stunning, to tell us that she had been hooked by a Jordanian prince. The Hashemites may not handle their political cards adroitly at all times, but they certainly know a good thing when they see one.

A reader's digest Karamazov

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

THIS TITLE alone is sufficient to express my opinion of the *Brothers Karamazov* as presented by the Habimah Theatre. Despite the fact that a gifted director - a new immigrant, Johann Taub - and four good actors devoted a lot of effort to this presentation, it's not much to talk about.

As a matter of fact, I am truly angry. Our so-called national theatre has never staged Paul Claudel or Marivaux. For many years we have not been shown Greek classics or, for that matter French classics either. Very little Giraudou, no Ghelderode, almost no Ibsen or Strindberg and no Goethe. The rich repertoire of the theatre is almost unknown to the Israeli audience.

But now, when they finally do decide to present a classic they choose Dostoyevsky, who was great and profound but not a dramatist.

And they choose an adaptation by a man no one has ever heard of, who had the audacity to take a work of genius and turn it into a thoroughly bad drama.

Only a great love of the theatre and the assumption that I am writing for readers who share that love enables me to say anything more about this play. From a sense of duty I sat through it to the end. I read the text in Hebrew; a sorry piece of writing, a great novel of more than 800 pages turned into some 50 pages where all depth, thoughtfulness and the multitude of loving characterizations, the masterful descriptions of lie, the suspense of a murder trial and the last lingering look at the all too human foibles, have been deleted.

What is left is not worthy of Dostoyevsky. Neil Simon could have done it much better. It is a fraud, even on a public that may never have read the book. They must have, by now, forgotten what it was that made it great. To give the name of Dostoyevsky to this poor, so-called drama is a travesty.

But even ignoring that, what have

we seen on the stage?

For some reason (economy? the desire to be "virginal?") all the characters (about 12 of Dostoyevsky's several dozen) are played by four actors. The four are all dressed alike in dark, presumably Russian suits. Since they must continuously switch from one role to another without warning they keep the audience clued in as to which role they are playing by acting that is as shallow, obvious and demonstrative as possible.

The Habimah actors performed well, doing exactly what the director told them to do. But the ability of the actors and the director could not improve a drama as bad as this one.

As I said, I am furious. Not only over this stupid play but over the whole choice of repertoire of the so-called national theatre. The Israeli public deserves better than this.

If you really want to enjoy the genius of Dostoyevsky then by all means go buy the book, curl up in a comfortable chair with a glass of mulled wine or a cup of strong coffee, disconnect the TV and spend five or six evenings with *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Even if you have read it before you will save the price of several theatre tickets, several cinema tickets, the time of a number of meaningless TV shows and you will improve your mind immensely. □

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2. Our Aliyah - National Photo Contest.

Events
1. "The concept of Zionism among the Jews of Morocco 1900-1948". Lecturer: Dr. Zvi Yehuda. Moderator: Dr. Michael Lasker. Fifth in the series "Questions in the History of the Jews of North Africa" (in cooperation with the Chaim Rosenberg School for Jewish Studies, Tel-Aviv University). Sunday, January 16th, 1983 at 8 pm.
2. The inauguration of The Jewish Cinematheque and the premiere of the film "Image Before My Eyes". Guest: Mr. Itzhak Artzi. About the film: Mr. Josh Waisel, the director of the film. Bnai Zion Auditorium, Beth Hatefutsoth, Monday, January 17th, 1983, at 8 pm. By invitation only.
3. "The Works of H. L. Hertz" a study evening in Yiddish (in cooperation with the World Council for Yiddish and Jewish Culture). Lecturers: Prof. Dov Sadan, Dr. I. Ch. Blatetsky. Reading: Herz Grossbard. Bnai Zion Auditorium, Tuesday, January 18th, 1983 at 8 pm.
4. "All Jews are Responsible for One Another" Israel and the Diaspora - mutual responsibility and involvement. A symposium (in cooperation with the American Jewish Committee and the World Jewish Congress). Participants: Prof. Shlomo Avineri; Dr. Ella Belfer; Mr. Simcha Dinitz; Mr. Hillel Halkin. Moderator: Yaron London. Bnai Zion Auditorium, Wednesday, January, 19th, 1983 at 8.30 pm.

Exhibitions on Tour
1. Scrolls of Fire - Matzev, Kiryat Malachi.
2. The Wonderful World of Djerba - Bar-Ilan University, the Library.
3. A Century of Zionist Immigration of Eretz Israel - Binayon He'umah, Jerusalem.
4. A Worldwide Philanthropic Empire - Auditorium, Haifa.
5. The Jews of San'a - Pedagogic Center, Netanya.
In cooperation with Merkaz Hahabara and courtesy of

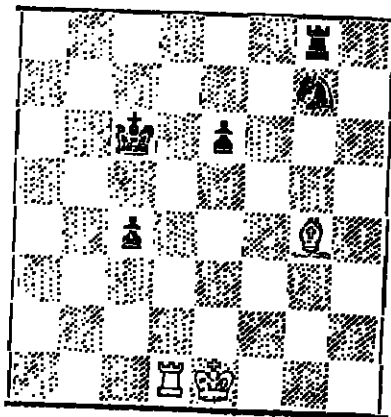
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CHESSE

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3103
C. RONQUIST
1949



White to play and draw (3-5).
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3101 (Hendel). 1.b4 Kd7 2.b5 Ke8 3.b6 Kd7 4.b7 Kc6 5.h8Nx.

THE KIBBUTZNIK'S WEEKEND
THE WEEKEND tournament trend has spread to the kibbutzim. Fifty-eight players recently gathered in Tel Aviv at a Histrut school for a 5-round weekend tournament. Former Israel champion Uzi Geller

of Givat Haim Meuhad won the event with a 4½-5 score. There was a five-way tie for second place: Haim Dvor of Kiryat Anavim (who holds the individual championship of the agrarian settlements), Yoram Ben-Zeev of Kfar Masaryk, Ilan Noi of Hahorshim, Alex Cramel of Ein Hahorshim, and Galai Sharir of Shoval, with each garnering 4 points.

LUCERNE HIGHLIGHTS
THE 10th round was the highlight of the Lucerne olympiad. A storm in Switzerland the day before, the worst ever, left nothing but destruction everywhere. In round 10, the same thing happened to the Swiss team. From the early morning the phones were ringing, radio and TV crews were arriving, and onlookers were busy ensuring themselves choice seats hours ahead of play. Korchnoi and his team were to meet the USSR.

The Russians took all. Kasparov, replacing Karpov on the top board, played a wonderful game against Korchnoi, a game that fascinated the record audience through the five hours of play before Korchnoi resigned as the last of the four Swiss players.

KORCHNOI KASPAROV
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 g6 3.g3 Bg7 4.Bg2 c5 5.d5 d6 6.Nc3 0-0 7.Nf3 c6 8.0-0

ed5 9.cd5 a6 10.a4 Re8 11.Nd2 Nbd7 12.h3 Rb8 13.Nc4 Ne5 14.Na3 Nh5 15.e4 Rf8 16.Kh2 f5 17.f4 b5 18.ab5 ab5 19.Nab5 fe4 20.Be4 Bd7 21.Qe2 Qb6 22.Na3 Rb8 23.Bd2 Qb2 24.fe5 Be5 25.Nc4 Ng3 26.Rf8 Rf7 27.Qe1 Ne4 28.Kg2 Qe2 29.Ne5 Rf2 30.Qf2 Nf2 31.Ra2 Qf5 32.Nd7 Nd3 33.Bh6 Qd7 34.Ra8 Kf7 35.Rh8 Kf6 36.Kf3 Qh3. White resigns.

One of the major sensations of round 10 was the 4-0 defeat inflicted on the Dutch team by England, the latter recovering from a shattering ½-¾ defeat at the hands of the USSR in the previous round. The following game was played on the top board.

TIMMAN MILES
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 cd4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 g6 6.Be2 Bg7 7.0-0 0-0 8.Nh3 Nbd7 9.Bg5 a6 10.a4 b6 11.f4 Bb7 12.Bf3 b5 13.Qe2 b4 14.Nd1 Qc7 15.Kh1 h6 16.Bh4 e5 17.fe5 Ne5 18.Nf2 Rac8 19.Rf1 g5 20.Bg3 g4 21.Bg4 Neg4 22.Ng4 Ne4 23.Qd3 f5 24.Nf2 Ng3 25.Qc3 Qc2 26.Nh3 f4 27.N4 Re1 28.Rf4 29.Na5 Be4. White resigns.

BACK IN the 9th round were two notable miniatures in the USSR-England meet (the Russians left their rival with only one draw, winning 3½-½). In a new book, John Nunn says that Black is badly in

need of an improvement in the variations he played. He has an innovation, but obviously no improvement.

KASPAROV NUNN
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 e6 3.Ne3 c5 4.d5 ed5 5.cd5 d6 6.e4 g6 7.f4 Bg7 8.Bb5 Nd7 9.a4 Na6 10.Nf3 Nb4 11.0-0 a6 12.Bd7 Bd7 13.f5 0-0 14.Bg5 f6 15.Bf4 g5 16.Bd6 Ba4 17.Ra4 Qd6 18.Nh4 fe4 19.Nf5 Qd7 20.Ne4 Kh8 21.Nc5. Black resigns.

BELIAVSKY STEAN
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 cd4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 a6 6.Bg5 e6 7.f4 Qb6 8.Qd2 Qb2 9.Nb3 Nbd7 10.Bd3 b5 11.0-0 Nc5 12.Nc5 dc5 13.Bf6 g6 14.Ra1 Qa3 15.Nb5. Black resigns.

NATIONAL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP 1983
THE FIRST round of the NTC was played on Saturday, January 1, with the following results: Kiryat Shmon, newly promoted from the second division, downed Ramat Gan Hapoel 5-1. Michael Marantz beat Israel Gelfer on the top board. Jerusalem ASA held Tel Aviv University ASA to a 3-3 draw. Yitzhak Veinger beating Shimon Kagan on the first board. Rishon LeZion Feldklein beat Tel Aviv Youth Centre 1-4, and Haifa Technion ASA beat T.A.Y.C. 11 3½-

2½. Herzliya Hapoel failed to appear against Beersheba.

ART OF ATTACK
White — Kg1; Qd2; Ra1, Rcl; Bg2; Nc3; Nf3; Pa2, b2, d4, e3, e5, g3, h2. (14). Black — Kg8; Qb4; Ra8, Rc8; Ba6, Bg7; Na5; Pa7, b6, d5, e6, f7, g6, h6. (14).
1.Nd5! Qd2 2.Ne7 Kf8 3.Nd2 Ke7 4.Ba8 Ra8 5.Rc7 Kf8 6.b4 Nb7 7.b5, and White won. (Ikonikov-Matveev, USSR junior championship, 1981).

COUP DE GRACE
White — Kf1; Qd2; Rcl; Bd3, Bf4; Pa3, b4, d4, g2. (9). Black — Kg8; Qh2; Re8; Bg4; Nf6; Pa6, b7, c6, d5, f7, g7. (11). Black to play.
1.— Be2! White resigns. The forced line is: 2.Be2 Qh1 3.Kf2 Ne4 4.Ke3 Nd2 5.Kd2 Qc1 6.Kc1 Re2. (Belokon-Zablotsky, correspondence game, 1979/81.)

ENDGAME FINESSE
White — Kc4; Pb2, b4, f2, g2, h2. (6). Black — Ke7; Pa7, e6, f6, g6, h7. (6). Black to play.
1.— Kd6! 2.f4 (or 2.Kb5 e5 3.Ka6 Kc6 4.Ka7 Kb5, and wins) 2.— h6 3.h4 h5 4.b5 e5 5.f6 e6 6.b4 Ke6 7.Ke5 Kf5 8.Kd5 e4 9.Kd4 Kf4 10.b6 ab 11.b5, and at the same time White resigned. (Vitolins-Mortensen, Riga, 1981.)

The BBC isn't a monolith. There are no institutional points of view there in regard to politics. There are institutional points of view as to what constitutes proper broadcasting, story values — about that there are guidelines. So far as the Arab-Israeli conflict is concerned, I've found individual points of view, as you would in any organization. These are sometimes reflected in some programmes. But there's no general political policy.

But is the BBC World Service entirely free of pressure from the Foreign Office?

I wouldn't say it was free of pressure, but I have seen no yielding to such pressure. In any event, I think that many people in Israel hear what isn't said. They're shaving, they're arguing with the wife, they're beating up the kids. Their attention is divided — that's a problem with radio.

Also, their irritation with the BBC stems from the fact that it's the only foreign news medium experienced daily by many Israelis regarding issues about which they have very strong opinions. And increasingly, the attitude in Israel is, if you're not an enemy, this attitude is reflected within the Israeli framework on every level. You see Israelis being called traitor who have distinguished records of public service. Why should some Israelis be more charitable or understanding or sensible about the stranger who disagrees with them? I'd like to remind everybody that the BBC has a Complaints Commission. This is composed of distinguished British people who do not work for the BBC. I've been the recipient of hundreds of complaints from Israeli individuals and scores of complaints from the government, going all the way to the Prime Minister's Office. My response has always been: "If you feel you have a case, put it to the Complaints Commission. Here's the address." Not once has the government ever lodged a formal complaint.

So what's the address?
The Complaints Commission, BBC, Bush House, London.
Why does the BBC call the PLO guerrillas or fighters and the IRA terrorists?

For the same reason that *The New York Times* and the *Washington Post* and the *Voice of America* and AP and UPI and Radiodiffusion Française and everybody calls terrorists guerrillas, including, incidentally, *The Jerusalem Post*. The *Post* reported an attack on a farmhouse in Rhodesia in which the mother, two children and the animals were killed, and referred to that as a guerrilla raid.

The basic element is, whose ox is gored? Whose blood is being spilled? If a bomb goes off in London, the BBC and British papers say it was planted by IRA terrorists. But let a bomb go off in Jerusalem or somewhere else, and it turns into a guerrilla action. *The New York Times* does the same thing. Put a bomb in the New York subway, and it's terrorism for them. If the blood being spilled isn't yours, or your people's, it's easy to call it guerrilla warfare, and that's the fashion.

I want to remind your readers of my own rule when reporting on the PLO. I describe them according to their actions.

If PLO persons put a bomb in a market-place or take hostages or shoot up an airport or hijack a plane, I always describe them as terrorists, and the BBC, whatever it does in its other bulletins and programmes, has never made any

effort to get me to call them guerrillas.

On the other hand, if the PLO attacks Israeli soldiers — something the PLO did rarely until the war in Lebanon — I call them guerrillas, or fighters. I reported the PLO as fighters when they were fighting the Israeli army in Lebanon, and for that I got complaints from Israelis and from the Israeli government and from the Prime Minister's Office. Well, I report people according to their actions.

Ze'ev Chafetz, the head of the Israel Government Press Office who is now on leave, last year charged that many foreign journalists in the Middle East are either being intimidated or paid by the PLO, and that this shows up in their coverage. He mentioned a BBC reporter who in 1980 had to leave Beirut because he was threatened by certain Arabs, and had to report from Nicosia. Is there any validity in those charges?

There's some, though perhaps not as much as Mr. Chafetz felt.

Certainly journalists have been under threat in Beirut, and some have been murdered. I don't recall that the PLO was involved in threatening the BBC man. I think he was threatened by the Syrians.

What's more interesting than Mr. Chafetz's allegations is how the foreign press handled them. Many papers didn't mention them at all. I know that some correspondents here, exercising a kind of censorship, didn't even send the story. I felt that it was newsworthy and sent it. The BBC didn't use it when I first filed it, but did use it the second time, including the allegations about the BBC.

The New York Times used the story right away, but excised — censored is the word — the part referring to the *Times*. That was dishonest.

Later, when it was called to their attention, they ran the full story. I single out the *Times* because I respect it. If the *Times* does such a thing, what's safe in news reporting?

You say there's something deeply flawed in the way editors approach the Middle East. Does this apply to all media — radio, TV, print?

Absolutely! Because the Arab-Israeli conflict replaced the war in Vietnam as the principal continuing news story in the world sometime between 1973 and 1975, and because Israel is still a much more open society than any Arab society, the editors blow out of proportion and sensationalize what otherwise would be some relatively inconsequential incidents.

Did the flawed judgment of the news bosses back in New York and Washington show up in coverage of the invasion of Lebanon, the siege of Beirut, and the massacre in the camps?

The coverage of the war was a classic example of how, with some notable exceptions, journalism has become sensationalized. There appeared to be no room for thought, insight, for giving the audience any perspective. It was all destruction.

I saw on Israel TV a number of interviews with foreign correspondents. One fellow with sick in my mind forever. He was lean and he had a cigarette dangling from his mouth and was pounding away on the typewriter — straight out of Ben Hecht. And he looked up and said, "I've been covering wars for years, and I've never seen such destruction."

My reaction was, where the hell has he been covering wars? Certainly not in Vietnam, certainly not World War Two. What was he covering? Tribal wars where one

tribe was throwing rocks at another? And this was apparently a serious journalist!

Don't get me wrong — the bombing of Beirut by the IDF appalled me, simply because it's impossible to stand by and not be appalled by innocent people suffering, for whatever reason. But there was immense exaggeration in the coverage by the world press, and not a little hypocrisy.

The world swallowed the bombing of Dresden, it swallowed the bombing of Hiroshima, but to judge from the press, it was shocked by the destruction in Lebanon last summer. Was this a tribute to the sudden emergence of human sympathy? I doubt it. I think that, with a few honourable exceptions, it was merely the result of the sensationalist nature of reporting.

No, I want to add something to that. There were a couple of other factors distorting the coverage. It's true that many editors sent directives to their correspondents saying, "Give us more pictures of ruins and killing." There was certainly that. But don't underestimate the power of pure ignorance.

The fire brigade people who come smashing in whenever there's a war anywhere — TV leading the pack but others as well — don't have any historical knowledge. So they can broadcast from Damour and in all innocence say the place was just destroyed. They don't know that a very large part of the wreckage was caused when the Palestinians devastated Damour, although if you just use your eyes you can see — it was growing out of the rubble and figure out that it wasn't blasted twenty minutes ago.

It was one of the jobs of Israeli officials to inform foreign pressmen who did what to Damour and when. Could the Government Press Office or the IDF spokesman have done a better job explaining the war to the media?

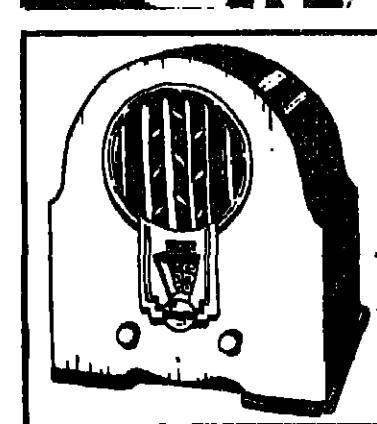
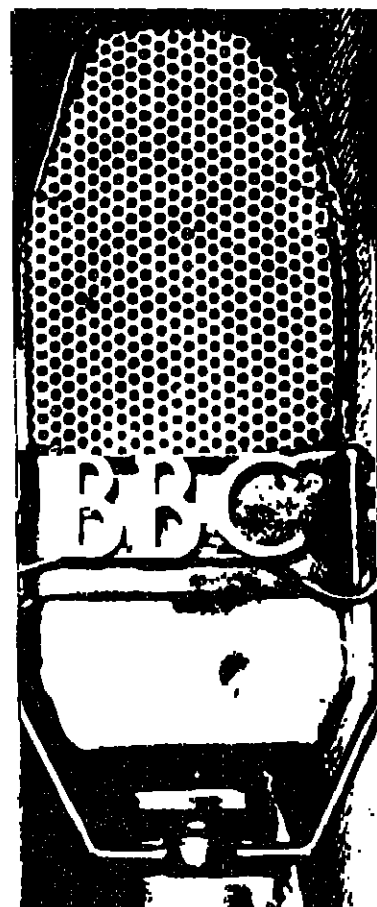
Yes, they could have improved their performances peripherally. But it's too easy to blame the people handling the information. Fundamentally, you cannot explain away a policy seen as bad. And you cannot explain away or justify the maimed children.

It's true that if the information people were more skilled, and if the reporters were more receptive to analysis at a time when a sensational story is breaking, it might have been possible to drive home this question: How do you deal with an enemy that shelters in a civilian population? How has it been dealt with before?

And is there not a double standard in play here? Is Israel not being judged harshly by nations which in recent history have acted in even more draconian fashion? But again, it would've had a peripheral effect, especially once Israel went beyond the famous 45-kilometre zone and besieged Beirut. When that happened, the war could no longer be depicted as defensive, as Israel's earlier wars were. That irreparably damaged Israel's image, both in the eyes of those who were pained to have it damaged and those who were secretly pleased.

I think I can demonstrate that the events of the war in Lebanon provided a golden opportunity for some people in the West to solve their Jewish problem at last in a novel way. Look at the eagerness with which some governments and many people and a good part of the media referred to the bombing of Beirut and the massacre in the camps as a holocaust. A holocaust, no less!

Let's talk about life in Israel. It



seems that Israel hasn't turned out as well as you hoped. Aren't you disappointed?

Of course I'm disappointed. What troubles me most, perhaps, is the loss of love of Jew for Jew in Israel. When I first arrived, I'd be asked, "Do you have relatives here?" And I'd say no. And over and over the answer would come, "Never mind, *kol Israel mishpaha ahat* — all Israel is one family." And it was largely true then. Well, all Israel is no longer one family.

What happened?
For one thing, 25 years ago this was an elite nation. The Israelis were the best of the Jewish people from all over the world. We Israelis are no longer an elite people.

Was that really so 25 years ago? Weren't most of the people here then refugees who had no other place to go in the world?

Yes. But the men and women of the old Yishuv controlled Israel, dominated it, set its ethical standards. And they were the best of the Jews. You had a hope that the standards of that elite would permeate the population. But this didn't happen and I'm not sure that it could happen, because a mass is never an elite. Perhaps this degeneration was inevitable. Furthermore, we are part of the world, and the world is degenerated.

Israel, in 1983, doesn't seem a worse society than others you know?

Certainly not. I think Israel is better than it appears, that by and large the Israelis are better than they know and better than their image, and that there's still hope here. But I fear for Israel, as you fear for any loved one endangered from outside and endangered by itself. And the

Israelis are endangering themselves and the state by ignoring the ethics of Judaism.

You're a Jew and you've lived here for the greater part of your adult life and you call yourself a Zionist. Why haven't you become an Israeli citizen?

I'm a permanent resident, with all the duties of a citizen — I pay taxes, and if I weren't over age I'd be called into the army. I intend to go on living here when I retire. But in the early days, I wasn't sure. On top of that, the BBC might not have hired me if I were an Israeli citizen. If they had hired me and I'd afterwards become an Israeli, that would have sharpened the campaign to get rid of me.

Those are a couple of the reasons. But the continuing reason for not taking Israeli citizenship is this: citizenship is not the measure of identification for me. I don't feel a stranger here, even though I'm not a citizen. At the same time, I have an emotional attachment to the United States. I was not driven from my birthplace, and I don't feel like renouncing it. I could, of course, become a dual citizen, like other American Jews who've done that without renouncing America.

What are your feelings about retiring and leaving the daily grind?

There will be some regret. You lose the grip you have on public attention, and the BBC has been marvellous to work for. So there's a wrench there. But there are other things I want to do, other ways to have an impact on society here, and now I'll have the time for them. I won't have to get up every morning at six and from then on be tied to every newsbreak. I won't have the tension and anxiety of reporting news that offends me. I won't have to struggle to be fair and accurate in reporting news which really makes me want to scream. I mean, what the hell gave me a heart attack? That was certainly one of the elements.

It looks like the Kahan commission will be your last big story. Is it one of those stories that makes you want to scream?

I was well again by the time the Beirut massacre occurred. I did some intensive reporting about it. I rejected and I reject absolutely the contention voiced by the prime minister and defence minister that no one could have imagined it would happen. The truth is that no one with knowledge of the past slaughters in Lebanon could have failed to see that there was a very high probability of a massacre taking place.

Having said that, I must add that I'm angered by the fact that the world media have from the very beginning focused upon the involvement of the Israelis and ignored the infinitely greater responsibility of those who pulled the triggers. It was not the Israelis who went in and killed those people. And as best we know, it was not for the purpose of killing those innocent people that the Israelis sent in the Phalange. It was disgusting and irresponsible to send the Phalange in, but they weren't sent in for that purpose.

I think the commission is conducting itself admirably. It has been proceeding on the basis that justice must be done and must be seen to be done. That reflects well on Israel for a change. I also think that the hundreds of thousands of people who gathered in Tel Aviv and protested so quickly after the massacre redeemed the honour of the Israeli people, that honour having been endangered by the government's reluctance to appoint a judicial commission of inquiry.

This Week in Israel-The Leading Tourist Guide-This Week in Israel-The Leading

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DAVE NEVER finished the company commander's course for tank units that was interrupted by the war. But he earned the position none the less in the tough course that began with an intensive 24-hour engagement with Syrian armour in June and stretched out to six months on the front lines in the Bekaa Valley.

And he graduated with honours, too, if one accepts his claim that his tank was the only one in the brigade to knock out a T-72, the pride of Syrian — and Russian — armour.

Segen David Maritz, or Dave, as everyone in his unit calls him, was born 29 years ago and grew up on a 20,000-acre farm in what was then Rhodesia. He moved with his family to South Africa when he was 14, studied biology at the University of Natal, served in the South African army and was wounded in action in Angola. He studied on a kibbutz ulpan in 1975 on his first visit to Israel, and returned to settle at the end of 1976. He converted to Judaism in 1977.

Blond and lanky, he's a perfect choice for central casting's idea of a career officer; he would rather talk about the virtues of the Merkava tank than about theology and what brought him to Judaism.

"For me, Israel and Judaism have always been wrapped up together," he says laconically after I succeed in getting him to switch from Hebrew to English. "I always believed in God, though I was not previously religious."

THIS doesn't satisfy my curiosity. Even for someone proud to be a Jew and an Israeli, it is often difficult to understand why anyone would choose to become a member of this troubled tribe.

Dave says that in his last year at the university he decided to study Hebrew "for the fun of it." No hints there, but the trail gets warmer when we find him at the ulpan at Kibbutz Hazorea, where he met his future wife Orit, a daughter of the kibbutz. After a trip to South Africa with Orit, they return. Dave completes the special conversion ulpan for kibbutzim established by Chief Rabbi Shlomo Goren. Today Dave and Orit live at Kibbutz Dovrat, where she is a teacher.

"I was anxious to do my army service here as soon as possible, but my induction was held up until I passed all my tests in the conversion course. They wouldn't take me before I had completed it."

"My goal was to join the paratroops, since I had heard so much about this corps from my wife and brother-in-law, who had both served in it."

But at the induction centre he found that he was disqualified on technical grounds. Golani was out for the same reason.

"Sitting there at Tel Hashomer, wondering what I would do, I caught a black beret that was tossed to me by a soldier passing them out. That decided it for me. I would join the tank corps."

After a period of conscript service, shortened because of his age and previous military experience, Dave signed on with the permanent army. There followed a series of courses, staff jobs and other work and then he began the company commanders course.

Some time before the war, Dave was shifted from the veteran Centurion tank to the Merkava. And a conversion it was, to judge from the way Dave approaches the subject of the Merkava. At the forward command post in the Bekaa, he gave me a top-to-bottom introduction to his favourite topic.

The hard way

Dave Maritz is more interested in talking about tanks than what brought him to Israel. He describes how he earned his company command on the battlefields of Lebanon, to The Post's CHARLES HOFFMAN.



WHICH BRINGS us to the war. Dave was called back to his base on Friday June 4, at midnight, and for the next 48 hours waited with the rest of the brigade to see if, when and where they would be called to fight.

By Sunday night their mission was clear: the brigade would be sent to Lebanon and held in reserve, ready to act if the Syrians attempted to stop the IDF advance on the eastern front.

Dave was named operations officer in an improvised battalion formed out of parts of others in the brigade. Creating more fighting units out of the same number of tanks would give the brigade more flexibility in maneuvering against an elusive enemy in the narrow valleys, twisting roads and steep ridges in the foothills of the Syrian Hermon. This was not the Sinai, where set-piece battles between entire armoured divisions could be fought in the desert expanses.

Israeli armour had never mounted such a massive operation in such seemingly inhospitable terrain for tank warfare. It was also the first time in action for the Merkava and for the soldiers and junior officers in the brigade, except for Dave.

Creating a battalion organization from scratch was no easy job, as Dave learned, working frantically on Sunday night to assemble maps, prepare orders and get together the essential equipment for a functioning mobile battalion headquarters. Then the brigade was rushed into Lebanon, where, as so often happens in wartime, it waited for two days for something to happen.

AS THEY sat in their staging area south of Hasbaya they watched other armoured units roll ahead to do the job that they had been trained for. "No one really craves battle," said another officer, "but there we were, with our Merkavas, and behind us the long periods of training that made us one of the IDF's top armoured units. We knew we were being kept back for the big

battle with the Syrians, but the wait was frustrating all the same."

The wait ended on Wednesday with the obliteration of the Syrian anti-aircraft missiles in the Bekaa. The brigade then revved up and plunged ahead along the tortuous mountain roads, seeking to sweep the Syrians back to their side of the border. But it first had to pass through areas that had been taken in the first days of the war by other IDF units. And here, ironically, the brigade suffered its first casualties in an accident.

An armoured brigade as it winds through mountain roads is like a coiled serpent ready to strike. The tanks and supporting infantry in armoured troop carriers were spread out over some kilometres, with those in the rear of the column, like Dave's battalion, unable to see the fighting in the front. They could only hear it on their radio sets, a melange of concise reports, questions and orders, some deliberately cryptic, broken occasionally by the cries of the wounded.

THE WAR, or rather its aftermath, was also spread out along the road, in the form of corpses of terrorists and Syrian troops. Now the soldiers could see and smell the war too, and it was coming closer.

First, there were the scattered shots from the villages along the way northeast of Hasbaya, though it was not clear whether they came from Syrians or terrorists. Around each bend in the road there could be a Sagger missile ambush by Syrian commandos, or Syrian tanks hiding between the trees or in the narrow village lanes.

The first major encounter with the enemy came late Thursday morning, as a moderate concentration of Syrian tanks on the ridge over the village of El-Akaba started blasting at the brigade.

The order was given for the brigade to regroup for an assault on the ridge, several kilometres away. The tanks emerged out of a narrow valley onto a broad, flat area, and Dave's battalion was paired with

another to make up the leading force. As the dozens of tanks lumbered into assault formation, missiles started flying — it wasn't clear from where.

A soldier recalled how helpless they had felt when they couldn't spot the source of the fire. "The missiles came crashing in from the side, from behind, and you couldn't tell what was happening. It took us a few minutes to decide how to maneuver ourselves out of danger. But by then two tanks were hit and one had started to burn."

The sight of a burning Merkava stopped Dave's battalion in its tracks. "The commander ordered us into position for the assault," said Dave, "but no one budged. They couldn't take their eyes off the sight. They'd already seen burned-out Pattons from other brigades, but to see the Merkava afire was a real shock. We had been taught about the unique advantages of the Merkava, and somehow we had persuaded ourselves that it was a super-tank. We wanted to believe it, but we should have known better. The Merkava does give the crew better protection, that we could see, but it's not invulnerable. A few shots from the battalion commander finally got us moving again."

Some of the soldiers thought they had been hit by Sagers. But inquiries after the fighting showed that the brigade had fallen victim to rockets fired by a French-made Gazelle attack helicopter. A senior officer recalled ruefully that the Syrian Gazelles put in a performance worthy of the Israeli Air Force. "Most of the tanks knocked out in our brigade were hit by Gazelles. They were quite effective in hiding below ridges and popping up when you least expected them, firing off a barrage and disappearing before you could tell where they were."

FOR THE REST of the afternoon, the brigade moved slowly across rough terrain that only the Merkava could manage, pausing to fire at the enemy T-62s. Gradually the enemy force was ground down and the remnants fled. Some soldiers recalled the engagement as more of a training exercise than a battle, since it so closely followed the book: take up positions, aim, fire, pull back, advance to new positions, and so forth.

After a long period on the move, the tanks were running low on fuel. But it was essential to seek out and destroy as much of the Syrian armoured force as possible before it managed to slip across the border to sanctuary. So after a brief rest at a night encampment, a battalion was dispatched north towards Yania to catch them before they reached the border. The brigade could not wait for extra fuel, so the fuel would just have to catch up with the brigade.

Bringing up fuel, ammunition and other urgently needed supplies from the rear is one of the jobs of the brigade reconnaissance unit. The unit commander described it as "a difficult, nerve-racking and thankless task. In this job you not only face enemy fire, but have to 'fight the Jews' as well."

One of his deputies was assigned the task of bringing up the fuel tankers and other supply vehicles from a rear base. Under normal conditions the trip would take about an hour — but the brigade supply convoy, which set out Thursday morning, arrived only 21 hours later.

Travelling with hundreds of tons of fuel through areas still crawling with enemy stragglers eager for an

easy kill is bad enough. Even under light enemy fire several drivers had a nervous collapse. Others were felled by fatigue, and fell asleep at night when the convoy stopped momentarily. The vehicles behind the sleeping driver did not know that the rest of the convoy, driving slowly without headlights, had moved on, and stayed put until the convoy leader noticed that something was amiss.

But worst of all was the "war of the Jews." The narrow, winding roads carved out of steep mountainsides and deep ravines were clogged with hundreds of war machines of every conceivable type: tanks, artillery pieces, armoured troop carriers, tankers, supply vehicles, ambulances, bulldozers, half-tracks and jeeps. Each unit jealously guarded its place in line, and was loath to move aside for another unit claiming priority for its mission.

Well over half of the 21 hours was taken up with bullying and badgering other units to move aside — although at times there was little room to move — and dealing diplomatically with senior officers ready to pull rank to bulldoze the fuel convoy off the road in order to let their units through.

THE CONVOY eventually made it, and none too soon.

Dave and his comrades now raced forward to smash what was left of the retreating Syrian armour. It was early Friday morning. They cruised through narrow valleys and that opened up onto broad plains full of enemy tanks, armoured troop carriers and trucks. As they were getting into position at the Yania approaches to pick off their fleeing prey, the Gazelles appeared again out of nowhere, spewing rockets.

Three tanks were hit in the barrage, and two crewmen killed, before the Gazelles were spotted and chased away by return fire. One tank even claimed to have downed one of the copters with machine-gun fire.

During the ensuing battle, Dave's tank hit several vehicles; then he spotted a T-72, which he identified from its silhouette. Two shots missed, but on the third try he was on target.

THE CEASE-FIRE at noon on Friday June 11 brought the brigade's advance to a halt, several kilometres from the Syrian border.

Within a week or so the brigade left the Yania area and took up positions in the Bekaa Valley, facing a large concentration of Syrian armour and pockets of terrorists, which swelled into the thousands over the next several months. Less than a month after the first cease-fire, the terrorists tried to start a mini-war of attrition, sending infiltrators over the lines to mine roads and ambush Israeli patrols. When things got too hot and the order was given to hit back hard, the tanks were called in to lambast terrorist installations and Syrian targets, too, for the terrorists usually operated only with Syrian knowledge and connivance.

As the hot, dry weather of the Bekaa turned cooler and wetter over the next six months, Dave and his brigade were still on the front lines. He was now a company commander by virtue of his combat and staff officer experience. Training for the newer recruits couldn't be put off, though, so training exercises were conducted right under the Syrians' noses.

After the first snowfalls in the Bekaa, the brigade was finally replaced and sent back to home base.

A light unto the Japanese

Meir Ronnen

THE JAPANESE PILLAR PRINT—Hashira-E, by Jacob Pins, London, Robert G. Sawers. 389 pp. With 1067 illustrations, plus 17 in colour. £65.

HOW REMARKABLE that the only book on *hashira-e*, the Japanese "pillar" print, should have been written by an auto-didact who has spent all of his working life in Jerusalem! Jacob Pins is, of course, a distinguished collector of Far Eastern art, as well as a noted woodcut artist and veteran Bezalel teacher (his vast private collection was recently displayed at the Israel Museum, its ultimate home).

The tall, elegantly narrow *hashira-e* were so named because they were hung on the thin wooden pillars of houses of pleasure, as can be seen from depictions in other contemporary prints. They were popular for a century and then disappeared but the compositional challenges they posed to the *ukiyo-e* woodblock-print artists had a lasting effect, on art in the West as well. *Hashira-e* introduced the concept of "bleeding" part of the figure from the frame, an innovation that had a tremendous effect on Degas, via Utamaro.

Pins has given us a virtual *catalogue raisonné* of *hashira-e* having tracked down originals and reproductions of more than two-thirds of the 1,500 or so woodblock designs estimated to have been made in this form as well as a few paintings. He has also come up with a vital piece of research, which suggests that the format was "invented" by accident.

Pins shows us a print by Masunobu from the early 1740s, made from a block which had split, the enterprising publisher (or printer) having used the larger section after straightening it by shaving off up to half a centimetre. Pins' presentation effectively demolishes a theory published by Robert T. Paine in the Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, 1959, to the effect that this print was originally made in two parts. Pins disproves this. He has rounded up all the states; the original *kakemono-e* full print; then one with the crack showing; then the final narrow print less the half-centimetre of straight cut. In this happy historical accident, the "Courtesan and Young Girl" were both left largely intact, but emerging from "outside" the picture.

Pins offers biographical notes on the 80 or so artists who designed all these *hashira-e* (only a few prints are unidentified); as well as a glossary, and a copious list of sources. Some of the reproductions made from old catalogues are necessarily poor, but this is a beautiful and fascinating book. As Roger Keyes writes in his foreword, Jacob Pins has entered the select company of scholarly collectors who wrote from their own experience and whose important contribution to *ukiyo-e* studies was guided by "similar qualities of curiosity, determination, intelligence and enthusiasm."



Utagawa Toyokuni (1769-1825): "The Vixen," pillar print, c.1790, depicting a fox spirit in human form. (Photo courtesy of Israel Museum)

Walls of wire

Meir Ronnen

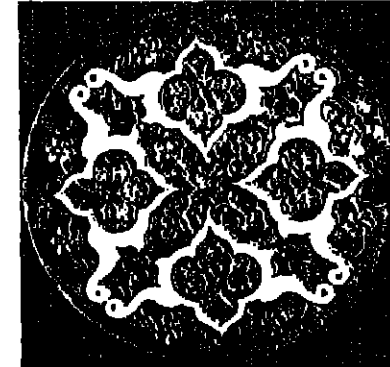
A COUPLE born in Istanbul and married in Israel collaborate in what is today a fairly rare medium: cloisonné enamel. Mengi and Dani (no family name is given) combine different talents. She studied illumination and miniature at the University of Istanbul and makes and colours the designs. He is a senior urologist at the Kaplan hospital and brings his surgical skill to the shaping of the wire cloisonnés that form the contour "wall" of the designs.

What is special about these works is that they bring the traditional Turkish decorative tradition to the medium, one for which it is admirably suited. The best of the pieces on show are circular discs with symmetrical kaleidoscopic designs. The freer renderings of flora and fauna are rather more trite, though some flower pieces

have a distinct 19th century charm. All are framed as pictures. The best of these are perfectly formed and attractively coloured.

The technique is fairly straightforward, but requires the utmost meticulousness. The copper plate is coated with a firing of enamel flux. The copper-wire cloisons which form the design are then lightly glued to the flux. At a second firing, they sink into the flux as it softens. Subsequent firings of transparent enamel build up layers of colours almost to the top of the cloisons. The latter are finally gilded by electrolysis, to prevent them blackening with corrosion. The whole will retain its brilliance indefinitely. (Nora Gallery, Maimon 9. (Till Jun. 30).

NAHADA HARNIK GAFNI, a veteran watercolourist who originally closed the Avni Institute-Bezalel School-Ein Hod triangle, has weighed in with a show



Mengi-Dani: cloisonné enamel (Nora Gallery, Jerusalem).

that is a considerable advance on her previous work, but evident chiefly in those paintings where the painted forms are, for the most part, carried to the very edge of the picture plane. There are many other works which make a bravado use of large areas of white paper, mostly to no compositional effect, these "negative" spaces not being useful or satisfying shapes in themselves;

(Continued on next page)

Look back in sympathy

YITZHAK DANZIGER-MAKOMI. Planned and edited by Yitzhak Danziger and Rina Valero, 1973-77. Edited and introduced by Mordecai Omer. Texts by Ben-Ami Shurstein, Yona Fischer, Yehoshua Yitzhaki, Tel Aviv, Hukibhutz Hamehuda. No price listed.

MARCEL JANCO מרסל יאנקו. Introduction and text by Eugene Ionesco and A.B. Jaffe. Tel Aviv Massada. 191 pp. 182 illustrations. No price listed.

SHIMSHON HOLZMAN שמשון הולצמן. Introduction by Shlomo Sebbu and Natan Zach. Tel Aviv, Massada. No price listed.

IT IS A curious fact that books and albums about artists are, if not pannygerics, never critical.

Israeli books are no different in this respect. Israeli publishers will be the last to invest good money in a book in which the hero is in any way put down. The more sympathetic the text, the more we are expected to take the artist seriously; the better the chances of selling the book.

Danziger, Janco and Holzman all have their place in Israeli art history. Danziger (1916-17) is wrapped in myth; the artist himself dealt

in the currency of myth all his life. The massive new book devoted to him (in Hebrew and English, by various hands, some not listed in the numberless Table of Contents), handsomely designed by his collaborator Rina Valero, is also marred: it lacks proper page and plate numbers; has no index; and lacks a bibliography. One simply can't find one's way through it.

Visually however, it is an impressive production, beautifully printed and replete with fine reproductions and photographs; the colour reproductions are also very good. It is a monument of sorts (originally planned by the artist himself) to a man whose ideas exerted an influence that went beyond that of his actual work.

Danziger was an interesting, often powerful artist, but he was not a great one; he may be remembered as an environmentalist rather than as a sculptor. He was tragically taken from us when we needed him most.

JANCO'S CHIEF claim to fame is that he was a charter-founder of the Dada "movement" and the founding *nukhtar* of the artists' village of Ein Hod. Janco (b. 1895) is a more-than-accomplished painter-sculptor and

caricaturist-portraitist. The fine reproductions in this over-designed but very complete book show that he flowered early on; his Dadaist masks from 1918 are formidable. But an oil collage from 1960 is evidence of a resilience of talent that outlasted his spiky early Israeli period.

THE SLIM album summing up the work of yet another Israeli veteran, Shmishon Holzman (b. 1907), looks thin beside the other two above. So does much of Holzman's work, which descends to sketchy, stylized illustration. Here since 1922 and one of the founders of the Safad artists colony, Holzman became the poet of Lake Kinneret and Tiberias. His credo: "the right blob in the right place." He has never bested the brilliant semi-abstract water-colour of a few houses. 1946, reproduced on the jacket; or his "Rainy Day in Tiberias," 1945, which shows an affinity to early Zaritsky. Holzman's gift for simplicity is both his triumph and his pitfall: he makes too many things seem just too easy.

The Holzman album takes us from 1936 to recent works. Again, there are no pages or plate numbers. Israeli art printing has reached a very high standard; but Israeli publishing still has a lot to learn about the most elementary requirements for books like the above. MEIR RONNEN

The Scots' Schotz

BRONZE IN MY BLOOD. The Memoirs of Benno Schotz. Edinburgh, Gordon Wright. 243pp. £12.50.

BENNO SCHOTZ (b. Estonia, 1891), the Queen's Sculptor in Ordinary for Scotland since 1963, has, at 90, produced an extraordinary book. The title is enough to conjure the best intentions of any potential reader, but from the moment I settled into a chair with this memoir I couldn't put it down.

Schotz's father was a cultivated Litvak Telsheer who became a watchmaker. His son, fluent in Yiddish and something of a linguist, came to Glasgow in 1912 to complete his education in engineering; he worked for nine years in a

shipyard while studying to become a sculptor. He eventually became head of the Sculpture and Ceramics departments of the Glasgow School of Fine Art; a member of the Royal Scottish Academy; and has been covered in honours ever since. He is one of the fixtures of the city of which he is a Freeman.

Schotz has a formidable reputation as a portraitist but he generously acknowledges the pre-eminence of the late Sir Jacob Epstein. Schotz also executed some very original work for churches. When a priest was queried as to how a Jew could produce such devotional Christian objects he replied it was because Schotz was such a devotional Jew. Schotz has always brought his Jewishness as an individual to the

fore. In one of many revealing anecdotes he tells how he once addressed Chagall in Yiddish in public, only to be received with a blank stare; later, Chagall chatted with him in Yiddish in private, apologising for his reserve in not wearing his Jewishness publicly. Schotz despised him. He also came to despise Yankel Adler, whom he helped with home exhibitions; he soon realised that Adler turned out pot-bollers for these occasions, which he was ashamed to show to professional audiences. Schotz helped many struggling artists, including Josef Herman.

Schotz developed ties with Israel, where his son Amiel settled. Some of them were with old Glaswegians like Professor Michaelson and Misha Louvish. Schotz has amusing tales to tell of modelling the heads of Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir and Levi Eshkol; his lovingly modelled

head of the latter seems to have been at least partly the result of the extraordinary love he felt existed between Eshkol and his second wife, Miriam.

Schotz's extraordinary observational powers are evident in a key chapter in which he describes what to look for in modelling a portrait, a virtuoso performance honed perhaps by years of giving demonstrations at schools, lecture halls, and over BBC television. Indefatigable, he is still working. Till 120!

This entertaining book isn't just about himself. A cavalcade of poets, artists, actresses, politicians, friends and sitters, are all summoned up with great simplicity of style. It is unfortunately not available in Israel but can be obtained directly from the publishers, (Gordon Wright, 55 Marchmont Rd., Edinburgh. EH9 1HT) MEIR RONNEN

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361
15-20.1.83

NEW EXHIBITION

Opening on Monday, 17.1.83 at 7.00 p.m. At 8.00 p.m. there will be a screening of the film, Arman and the New Realism

ARMAN: PARADE OF OBJECTS RETROSPECTIVE 1955-1982

A retrospective exhibition of the works of French artist Arman, one of the founders and leaders of the New Realism movement, alongside works by the artists Yves Klein, Daniel Spoerri, and Jean Tinguely and the art theorist, Pierre Restany. In 1960, they published a manifesto in which they rejected abstract art and called for the expression of reality and the use of real materials. Arman was one of the first artists to discover the expressive possibilities hidden in the use and presentation of the common object. His use of objects is the result of a predetermined choice and the urge and will to discover what they can be turned into, once presented by him in a new way.

The exhibition features about 75 works — pictures, reliefs and sculptures. The exhibition is sponsored by the British Friends of the Art Museums of Israel.

CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS

CITY AND ART
DIZENGOFF HOUSE
TEL AVIV — EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS
EAST OR WEST — ARCHITECTURE IN ISRAEL 1920-1933

COLLECTIONS

ISRAELI ART 1980-1980
CLASSICAL ART FROM THE 17th AND 18th CENTURIES
IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM, TWENTIETH CENTURY
ART IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES
ARCHIPENKO: EARLY WORKS (1910-1921)

Saturday Family Tea-time Programmes

Little Lord Fauntleroy, (Britain, 1980, colour, 90 minutes, English with Hebrew and French subtitles). The classic story based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Director: Jack Gold. With Alec Guinness, Eric Porter, Connie Booth and Ricky Schroder. Saturday, 15.1.83 at 5.30 p.m.

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

MUSIC

The Israel Piano Quartet, Moshe Murevitz, violin, Abraham Bornstein, viola, Eshran Bergman, cello and Pinna Salzman, piano. Programme includes works by Faure and Brahms. Saturday, 15.1.83 at 8.30 p.m.

The Israel Trio, Menahem Brauer, violin, Zvi Harari, cello, Alexander Volkov, piano. Programme includes works by Haydn, Shostakovich and Brahms. Tuesday, 18.1.83 at 8.30 p.m.

GUEST AT THE MUSEUM

Professor Anette Michaelson, Film theorist at the New York University, expert on avant-garde cinema, art critic and editor of the quarterly 'October'. Abstraction and Cacophony: de Stijl's Other Face. Lecture in English accompanied by slides. Wednesday, 19.1.83 at 9.00 p.m.

The Cinema of the Soviet Revolution. A lecture and screening of Dziga Vertov's film 'The Man with the Movie Camera' (Soviet Union, 1929, black and white, 80 min.). Thursday, 20.1.83 at 8.00 p.m.

CINEMA

Regularly:

In For Treatment (Holland, 1980, in colour, 84 min., Dutch with Hebrew and English subtitles). The exciting production of the Werkteater, the outstanding alternative theatre of the Netherlands, awarded the Locarno Festival Prize and Italia Prize, 1981. Daily, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.; Saturday, 7.30, 9.30 p.m.

CHILDREN'S THEATRE

LANGUAGE OF THE THEATRE, a theatrical encounter for children aged 9-12 and their parents, with Eli Shiloni and Dan Ronin. Programme featuring extracts from plays and dramatizations, with the children's active participation. Tuesday, 18.1 at 4 p.m.

AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN (at 4 p.m.)

College, Gallery Games and workshops, for kindergarten children (aged 4-6) accompanied by adult. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, for 1st-2nd grades Monday, for 3rd-4th grades Wednesday. Number of vacancies limited. Tickets in advance at the Museum box office.

VISITING HOURS

Saturday, 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.; Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Box Office, Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Saturday, 7.40 p.m. Art Library: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday, 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-8 p.m. Circulating exhibits (on loan) Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Tuesday, 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m. Graphics study room: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 10 a.m.-1 p.m. or appointment in advance.

Information desk and box office Tel: 261297.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION

6 TARSAT ST. TEL. 287196, 299750

ADULTS' COURSE

THREE AMERICAN ARTISTS. A series of slide lectures (in Hebrew) by Irit Hader. Thursday, 20.1. at 8.00 p.m. Hans Hofmann

A series of lectures on the History of the Cinema (in Hebrew) by David Greenberg. Monday, 17.1 at 7.30 p.m. The Film Comedy.

YOUTH WORKSHOPS (starting February 1983)

Opening of additional workshops. Details and registration at the Helena Rubinstein pavilion. Tel. 289750, Sunday-Thursday, 9.00 a.m.-12 noon

THE PAVILION IS CLOSED UNTIL THE OPENING OF A NEW EXHIBITION

BECOME A MEMBER OF THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM
SPECIAL OFFER FOR THOSE REGISTERING FOR 1983

בנק לאומי ומוזיאון תל אביב

Gallery shows

(Continued from previous page)
they are left solely for effect.

The advantages of using toned paper are evident in a splendidly lyrical near-abstract (24) but the palpable hit of the show is a marvelously harmonic landscape (6) made up of freely brushed but well-organised shapes that serve as cyphers for a few trees. The untouched sky is an area that works against the rectangle below it. This is one of those happy watercolours in which everything has gone right. It is hard to look at some of the other works after viewing a painting that gives so much pleasure. (Ella Gallery, Tura I, Yemin Moshe). Till Jan. 31.



Nahada Harnik-Gafni: Watercolour (Ella Gallery).

RETIRED engineer Shlomo Green entitles his plexiglass and steel-wire sculptures "optical kinetics," but they are, for the most part, static pieces standing on light boxes turned off and on at intervals with the help of pre-programmed dimmers, the whole accompanied by Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor. The Bach is easily the most satisfying part of the event. Green gives his quite well-formed works musical names and symbolic functions, but it takes more than that to produce interesting and original sculpture. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmah, J'lem).

JOYCE SCHMIDT, American-trained, is a skilled print and paper-maker who teaches at Beersheba's Visual Art Centre. Her latest work consists of images of branches pressed into handmade papers combined to form an illusion of growth; and actual branches combined with impressions of the same branch held in a hand, the whole rendered in a photo-based graphic print stuck onto a black background. The process takes the bark from a branch and then recombines it with bared stick as paper. Images are manipulated as branches and fibres form a page that is, as she describes it, both plate and print.

Unfortunately the process is potentially more intriguing than the end results. Schmidt fails to render any of her combines, collages and multiplications as convincing, interesting compositions. All we are left with is her sensitivity for the materials employed. (Gallery Gimel, King Shlomo 4, J'lem). Till Jan. 25.

MICHA GADIEL does watercolours on toned paper that pirate the approaches and colour of several Eretz Yisraeli painters of the Twenties and Thirties. The best (4, 5, and 8) are all shamelessly lifted, in spirit and approach, from early Zaritzky. (Arta Gallery, Akiva 4, J'lem). Till Jan. 28.

The biblical weave



THE ART OF BIBLICAL NARRATIVE by Robert Alter. New York, Basic Books, 195 pp. \$13.95.

Haim Chertok

in explication as to lose sight of what must be central for most readers of the Bible: that it is the definitive record of God's involvement in history. I was aware of no condescension, or laboured ingenuity with the "God-idea." The book delights, rather, in discerning unanticipated richness and imaginative scope. In short, the authority and integrity with which Alter engages his subject breathes much the same air and at times seems to me breathtakingly close to the same sensibility of that implied that the significance of longer-range narrative continuities are overlooked or underplayed.

I can attest to that. Week after week for three years, a group of us have met on Shabbat for *Idishush* and an hour's discussion of the weekly portion. Although we often do seize upon an unanticipated aspect of the familiar material, we all suffer as well from bouts of *déjà vu*. Alter persuades me that much of the cause is that the efficient division of the *Tanach* in weekly sections, each bearing its own title, accretion of homiletic commentary, and quasi-independent character tends to mask the vision of the Bible as a continuous narrative. In time, the pressure toward weekly closure proves almost irresistible.

Alter turns away from a taxonomy of biblical source material to the Bible as a unified whole, the composed work as a master achievement of the final redactor(s) who consciously fashioned given materials.

NOT TO perceive that the "primitive" elements of the Bible are, as it were, quoted material, is seen by Alter as the narrowest modern parochialism. Moreover, Alter almost never gets so caught up

the book, Alter offers analyses, nearly all on Genesis or the story of David, which illustrate techniques or approaches which seem particularly fruitful. For example, he shows how the Bible employs the *leitwort* or verbal repetition to thematic ends in the Book of Ruth (with *go and return*) and in the story of Balaam (with the play on *see*). He demonstrates how the shift from dialogue to narration signals a shift in meaning through a close examination of sequences between David and Saul, noting a technical similarity between biblical technique and that of Flaubert. In another chapter Alter extrapolates the literary convention of a series of biblical type-scenes in the career of a hero entailing an announcement of his birth, an encounter with his betrothed by a well, an outdoor epiphany, an initiatory combat, and danger in the wilderness. Aspects of this cycle may be suppressed, aborted, or altered, but the effect, the meaning of the action, depends upon a full recognition of expectations.

One avenue which Alter oddly ignores which is of the same order as the type-scene is the type-antitype convention. Alter's distance from this technique and its implications probably spring from his centrality for Christian exegesis. Indeed, in his new book on the Bible, *The Great Code, The Bible and Literature*, Northrop Frye makes this mode of interpretation the very lynchpin of its structure. But Alter early in this book indicates that he deals exclusively with the Hebrew Bible not only by choice but also because the New Testament narratives were written "according to different literary assumptions."

Perhaps so, but at several points in this book, the functioning types seem to me the resolution of otherwise unsettled material. For example, Alter explicates the story of Potiphar's wife and Joseph at length to illustrate the rhythms of verbal repetition. That the wife's important "lie with me" echoes Eve's more circumspect seduction

and that Joseph is an Adamic anti-type seems to flow from Alter's presentation, but he doesn't capitalize on it. Later, Alter artfully dissects the encounters between Joseph in Egypt and his 10 brothers, but he leaves Joseph's puzzling accusation of his brothers as "spies" unexamined. If we turn our eyes to the larger narrative design (and I'm deeply in Alter's debt here), Joseph in this sequence can serve as a type for Moses and these 10 "spies" have their anti-type (or fulfillment) in the spies Moses is to send into the land. In both of these instances, other details fall into sharper focus once the decisive relationship is perceived. I think that Alter is too dismissive of the application of the literary assumptions which prevail in the New Testament.

SEVERAL OF Alter's hypotheses seem to me brilliant, a result of his sensitivity in asking the right questions of his material. Why is the Bible the only one of venerated sacred works to be cast predominantly in prose? Here he endorses the view of Israeli scholar Shemaryahu Talmon that the epic form was deliberately eschewed because of its intimate connection with the pagan world. The reflex to the flexibility of prose narration, Alter feels, signals a different conception of humanity, "the quicks and contradictions of men and women seen as moral agents and complex centres of motive and feeling."

Later Alter offers the conjecture that the very criterion for the choice of books which are canonical had to do with books which maintained an "adequate dialectical tension between these antitheses of divine plan and the sundry disorders of human performance in history." Excluded, thereby, were various Chronicles, because they probably catalogued events without a sufficient vision of God's presence in history. At the other end of the spectrum, the Book of the Battles of Yahweh was omitted, he guesses, because it was overcommitted to tracing God's design in history. The formative bias of Jewish consciousness, which the nature of canonical stories reveals, is committed, Alter argues, to the double tension of God's will versus human freedom and of the divine plan versus actual history. And therein lies its uniqueness.

Flowing from this double dialectic are narrative techniques which seem modernist but which Alter persuasively argues reflect an aesthetic based on openness and freedom. For example, the famous cruces of two versions of Creation and of two creations of Eve do not coexist because of the redactor's inability to splice them better. Alter argues for an aesthetic akin to montage. Both versions are maintained because they both are needed for a full rendering of the action. That God created the universe and that man is an active participant in creation are both true; that man and woman are equal and that woman is historically subservient to man are both true. Alter in effect argues the astigmatism of literalist discomfort with biblical "contradictions." His resolution likens the aesthetic effect to that of post-cubic paintings which project multi-perspectives. In short, the Bible employs techniques not dissimilar from the indeterminacy of *The White Hotel* or *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. What is startling is our blindness to it.

The Art of Biblical Narrative seems to me an elegantly conceived and implemented work. Particularly for those of us who are committed both to Torah and to modernity, I think it is important reading. □

Free advice

A BINTEL BRIEF, Volume 2, Edited by Isaac Metzker New York, The Viking Press, 167 pp. \$10.95.

Abraham Aamidor

VOL. 2 of *A Bintel Brief* (A Bundle of Letters), contains almost 100 selected and translated letters to an advice column published in New York's Yiddish language *Jewish Daily Forward* between 1950 and 1980. The collection's editor, Isaac Metzker, a staff writer with the paper, tells us in his introduction that these letters reflect the turn-of-the-century, East European immigrant in his old age in America. That may be true, but it is best not to read too much into a collection of anonymous letters written to an essentially anonymous newspaper column.

A Bintel Brief was well patronized, though, and definite patterns of concern emerge — loneliness when a spouse dies and ambivalence toward the second wife (or husband), children who assimilate, in-termary and on top of all that, don't come to visit. Ultimately dissatisfaction with their own small middle-class lives emerges, reflected in letters about the furniture, the apartment and Florida.

It all rings true. These letters, where identified, appear to have been written in almost every case by a shopowner, small businessman, or homebound retiree. These "little Jews" did not worry about such sophisticated issues as civil rights, Vietnam or even the Palestinian Question, only about issues directly affecting their own world and outlook.

ABOUT 10 PER CENT of the correspondents refer to the Holocaust and/or Israel, however. Is that a high figure or a low one? To say that the Holocaust and the establishment of the State of Israel are the most important events in modern Jewish history is an intellectualization, and to say that every Jew must support Israel is Zionism. These people are neither intellectuals nor Zionists.

What is disappointing in this book, though, is that it is so unfunny. I laughed exactly twice while reading its 167 pages — once when guests were said to have brought their dog to lunch, sat it down at the dining room table and demanded a real meal for it (the letter writer stormed out of the room in protest, but wrote to *A Bintel Brief* to inquire if he should not have asked the dog to leave!) and the other time was when the column gave the following response to a letter writer who complained about a "bossy" wife:

"When we read your letter we realized that you were the kind of man who is a weakling, whose wife can make a nothing of him. We were surprised that you even wrote to us, because usually such men are weak in character, and let their wives make slaves of them. Keep quiet."

Yet, why should one have expected this collection to be funny any more than we could have expected it to be profound? If a Sid Caesar or Mel Brooks had written the letters they would have been funny; if Martin Buber had written them they would have been profound. Perhaps it is only our deficient stereotype in either case that makes us look for a little bit of love or a little bit of God where it is not to be found. □

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Unconquerable soul



HEADSTRONG by Rena Blumberg. New York, Crown Publishers, 145 pp. \$10.95.

Reuven Rosenfelder

RENA BLUMBERG was 40 in 1975, when a malignant growth was discovered in her left breast. A highly active, extroverted and cheerful character, she went through the "private hell" of cancer patients for the next four years. A lumpectomy in the affected breast proved inadequate, and a mastectomy was performed, followed by two years of chemotherapy, at the conclusion of which she was pronounced cured of the illness. She has been doing well since.

book has aroused considerable interest in the U.S. It includes a particularly vivid description of the chemotherapy treatment.

HER CHEMOTHERAPY involved a week-long cycle of treatment once every six weeks. A small, tightly-knit group of patients, formed in the hospital, followed this cycle. The injections cause a wide range of sharp side-effects. They include loss of control of bodily functions, fatigue — a "formidable foe that required enormous energy to overcome" — "dry eyes," loss of hair, and overweight. Above all there is a pervasive feeling of nausea, which renders the patient helpless, and doesn't let him sleep at night.

Yet it is obviously part of her nature to make an effort.

Throughout chemotherapy she never missed a morning of getting up to prepare breakfast for the family. In her work as a radio personality in Cleveland (she received a distinguished broadcasting award), she made scheduling adjustments and began recording interviews in her home. And she forced herself to feel good.

"Each morning I sailed forth, colourfully made up and dressed. I resisted the temptation to wear dark colours that would visually reduce my blunted appearance. Instead I opted for bright, flowing, loose, comfortable outfits to cover my girth. I added large pieces of jewelry, feathers or flowers near my neckline to draw away attention from my swollen belly to my face."

And she maintained her detailed planning, "setting up my objectives and doing lots of pre-organizing and list-making." Her family got to know how she was feeling through a code. "Fabulous" signified good, "terrific" meant reasonable, and "fine" meant awful. This reduced the need for complaining, and "let me keep some semblance of pride." They learned to identify her "chemo crazies," the marked shifts in mood before the next treatment.

Why did she become a cancer patient? She had ignored stress-producing situations. "When trauma entered my life, I didn't stop to think of the resulting psychological pain." She found it difficult to ask for help, she thought she would lose friends. But her feelings of insecurity were proved wrong. She received support from what she calls her "family of choice," a small circle of persons close to her.

Blumberg is not a brooder. As someone who has been fortunate enough to overcome the dreaded disease, she attempts to describe her treatment honestly, and provide some simple but quite effective advice. Her conclusion: "Optimism and involvement are the best life insurance policies known to us." Over and beyond the intensive physiological intervention of chemotherapy, these policies have sustained her.

Disastrous campaign

GALLIPOLI by Jack Bennet. London & Sydney, Arkon Paperback, Angus and Robertson, 280 pp. £1.95.

Meir Ronnen

AT THE beginning of World War II I was issued an Australian army uniform that bore, inside the collar, the name, rank and number of an infantryman, accompanied by the words, "Gallipoli, 1915."

I was a small cadet and the tunic was big for me, but I wore it with reverence.

Gallipoli was part of the Great Australian Heritage, where 7,594 Australians and 2,431 New Zealanders of the Australian New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) lost their lives in a bungled attempt to storm the Dardanelles.

The concept was Churchill's: the then First Sea Lord's idea was to smash his way into the Balkans via Constantinople, knocking Turkey out of the war at the same time. But his admirals and generals failed him at the outset.

Gallipoli was not, by any means, an ANZAC action. A million men were involved in the disastrous campaign; half a million became casualties of one sort or another, for disease was rife.

Besides the ANZACs, over 147,000 allied and colonial troops lost their lives. There were even some Palestinian Jews killed there, while serving in the Zion Mule Corps, led by Trumpeldor. For the Allies, Gallipoli was best forgotten. For Australia, it was the beginning of a legend. ANZAC Cove became the Valhalla of the Australian forces, revered because men laid down their lives because it was their duty, knowing that their endeavours were doomed to failure.

Gallipoli was Australia's baptism of fire, under the worst possible conditions. A tactical disaster, bungled by British mismanagement, it resulted in a massacre. But Australia turned it into a great

moral victory, the victory of heroic sacrifice.

If lessons were taught in schools, Gallipoli was part of the curriculum. A certain style also emerged from this legend. The Japanese for instance, were taught to die fanatically: Australians, ironically, it was all a manly test, treated as a mildly bad joke, at least until the moment of truth.

Successful generations of young Australians were exhorted to maintain this tradition. They were so nurtured in this macho ethos that they did so, and proudly.

THE GALLIPOLI legend persisted throughout World War II. How times and attitudes have changed since then could be seen from the Australian film *Gallipoli*, screened here a few months ago.

Though the film sagged badly in the middle, it had two clear messages: firstly, that "mateship" was the chief ingredient in the Australian makeup; secondly, that the sacrifices of the 10th Light Horse, fighting dismounted on the Turkish cliffs, were simply military stupidity.

This quite readable non-book by Bennet is based on the screenplay, by David Williamson, which was based on a story by Peter Weir. It's hardly about Gallipoli at all; it's all about boys growing up in the backblocks and mixing patriotism with a thirst for change and adventure.

The story is quite typical. For successive generations of Australians, the A.I.F. (Australian Imperial Force, the overseas volunteer army) was also the Great Escape.

Eventually, most of the escapees came to discover that war, whether on the Somme or in Greece, Crete, Alamein or New Guinea, was anything but a lark. Yet another generation later, there were Australian volunteers for Korea and Vietnam, no doubt as laconic as ever.

THIS ENTERTAINING anthology was selected by 120 celebrities who were asked to choose a favourite piece of writing, stating the reason they did so.

The proceeds are to be given to an organization called "Action for Dysphasic Adults." Dysphasia means "impairment of understanding of words," an affliction which in the non-clinical mode is more common than the editors of this book could possibly imagine; I suggest that it is not unconnected with a distressing condition called dysphagia which means "difficulty in swallowing." For I fail to understand many a word spoken these days and, consequently, find them difficult to swallow. We have all come across scientific, religious, artistic and, especially, political gobbledegook way beyond our understanding and should forthwith apply to ADA for associate membership.

WHEN YOU ASK unusual people an unusual question you get unusual results. The selected riddles picked from this literary loaf tells us as much about the selectors as about their choice, for it offered them an occasion to demonstrate their taste and erudition.

Poetry figures large, (more than 60 per cent) as a synoptic way to get complex ideas across. Eight completely uninhibited poets, for example, selected their own poetry. The Bible merited four entries as did Shakespeare and Anon while the rest had to suffice with one or two. Humour was thin on the ground.

DANNIE ABSE adapted a poem by Amir Gilboa from the Hebrew. Sir Douglas Bader, the legless WWII flying ace, quoted an 1837 visionary poem by Tennyson containing a vision of things to come:

Saw the Heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the Heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew

CHINA-BASED books are increasingly popular these days. After some 4,000 years of neglect, the Chinese are finally coming into their own in Western literature. The only amazing thing is that it took so long. For the Chinese, with their unique culture, make a fascinating study. And if their story taken in isolation doesn't suffice to hold the reader's interest, the clash between the Western and Eastern cultures provides a rich source of literary material.

At first glance, Pat Barr's *Chinese Alice* belongs to this genre. It is only as the plot develops that disappointment sets in. The story has potential enough. Two Caucasian children, Frank and Alice, are kidnapped from a Victorian missionary home and carried into deepest mainland China. This creates a first-class cultural conflict: from being part of an "undoubtedly" superior race, the two children must adjust to being considered less than dirt in the eyes of their captors. Allowed to live on sufferance, they grow up according to Chinese values, as servants of the household.

The only thing which prevents their total assimilation is their damning appearance. Otherwise, they are happy in their captivity: Frank is content serving in the stables, while Alice is taken as a curiosity into the master's bed. Had not the jealous elder son thrown the pregnant Alice out of the house during his father's absence, the two Caucasians would probably have



The Crime Museum (as it is officially known) at New Scotland Yard houses a unique collection of gruesome exhibits and, quite understandably, is not open to the public. In *The Murders at the Black Museum 1870-1970* (Hutchinson, £9.95), Gordon Honeycombe takes us behind the scenes with a compelling account of over 50 homicides that is complemented by a fascinating collection of pictures. Together, they chronicle not only these squalid dramas but also changing social conditions.A.B.

Rich in raisins

LUCKY DIP: A Way With Words edited by Christina Shewell and Virginia Dean. London, Sinclair Browne, 252 pp. £5.95.

Wim van Leer

From the nations' dry navies grappling in the central blue.

Kipling's very much underrated work is quoted twice. Barbara Cartland, of literary treacle and genteel ecstasy fame, contributes her own two stanzas of the life-like-a-glass-of-tea variety ("Four lumps, please"). Bernard Hepton chooses a poem by N.F. Simpson which tells a shaggy story of one man's heroic rescue of a St. Bernard dog lost in the snow.

To me, the most illuminating

entry is from Marcia Karp, a "psycho-drama" by one Anne Herbert, published from a P.O.B. in Sausalito, Cal. In concise, witty prose it tells the story of Paradise Lost — not just to Adam and Eve, but to a whole bunch of people put there to have fun according to God's will. They roll down the hills, climb the trees, wade in the streams, frolic in the woods. They laugh a lot. And then this snake comes along who convinces them that in order to give the frolicking some meaning, they must keep score and give an apple to the winner. Since everyone thinks that he is best, they follow the snake's advice. Thus things change, and they yell a lot. They stop frolicking, since this is too hard to score. God is wroth, very wroth. Now they only play one hour daily, the rest of the time is

spent keeping the score and arguing about it. They are having fun, if not the same fun He had in mind. So He kicks them out, telling them that they are going to die and their scores wouldn't mean anything. "He was wrong," says the narrator, "my cumulative all-game score is now 16,548. If I can raise it to 20,000 before I die I'll know that I have accomplished something. Hopefully my kids will reach 20,000 or even 30,000. Really, it was the life in Eden that didn't mean anything... We are all grateful to the snake." Put that in your sock and suspend it.

MANY CONTRIBUTORS stick close to base. Kenneth Lambert, a Jungian analyst, furnishes a slab of... who else?... Jung. Desmond Morris of the Hairless Ape, quotes Darwin; Yehudi Menuhin offers a paean to Schubert by Christopher Hope.

Others reveal the stripes on their back: Bernard Levin quotes an obscure passage from Xenophon. Jessica Mitford contributes black American protest poetry; sister Astronomer Patrick Moore offers a quote from Percival Lowell which we may ponder to our benefit:

"War is a survival among us from savage times and affects now chiefly the boyish and unthinking elements of the nation. The wisest realise that there are better ways for practicing heroism and other more certain ends of insuring survival of the fittest. It is something a people out-grow."

Brian Rix of dropped knickers fame is the only contributor who addresses himself to the cause in hand, quoting from *Tongue Tied* by Joseph John Deacon who, being deaf, lived in a silent world. Ernie Roberts teamed up with two mentally handicapped men, one of whom could read and write somewhat. The extract quoted "gives some idea of the wondrous transition. I'm delighted to offer it as illustrating an understanding of words beyond our ken."

John Morton, a psycholinguist, quotes at length from the annual report of the British Deep Fat Frying Research Association. Sample stanza: "Deep frozen chips have shown a tendency to mechanical failure during resuscitation."

Yevushenko excerpts his own *Face behind the face*, and very good it is indeed. The Rt. Hon. Margaret Thatcher quotes from *An Anthology of Hope*:

Lord... Release me from the craving to try and straighten out everybody's affairs.

With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all.

Keep my mind from the endless recital of details.

Give me wings to get to the point.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken.

I didn't know she had it in her.

WHAT WOULD I have chosen, had I been asked to contribute? Dylan Thomas's "Do not go gentle into that good night" or, in a more frivolous mood, Louis Macneilce's "Bagpipe Music."

What would be your literary tipple? It takes analogies like this to make one realize the immense riches of our Western heritage of which the growing generation, unless specialising, is hardly aware. Book reviewers tend to emphasize only the new books, the trendy, the up-to-date, the transiently relevant. Ever tried to buy a first-rate work more than 12 months after publication date?

I believe it would be worthwhile to devote one weekly crit to the masterpieces of yesteryear, and I don't mean Dickens, Thackeray or Shakespeare. I mean books like Orwell's *Coming up for air*, Carey's *The Horse's Mouth*, the Grossmiths' *The Diary of a Nobody* or Céline's *Journey to the End of the Night*.

We may even succeed in inducing the reader to read books instead of book-reviews, relegating yours truly to the dole-queue.

Sweet and sour

CHINESE ALICE by Pat Barr. London, Corgi, 382 pp. £1.75.

SPRING MOON by Bette Bao Lord. London, Sphere, 459 pp. £3.25.

Michelle Cameron

lived out their lives in Chinese society.

ALICE'S banishment from the house raises the reader's greatest expectations, followed by the first sensations of disappointment. Alice, having suffered a miscarriage on her journey, is reunited with her family. The reader expects Alice, after living ten years as a barbarian concubine, to experience a tremendous sense of culture shock. Think of the abrupt change in her circumstances: from inferior to superior, from mistress to pseudo-virgin. Enough to boggle any Victorian heroine's mind? Not Alice's. For Alice has an uncanny, very flexible character, that allows her to fit right back into European society in a number of days.

But is this really Victorian society that Barr is portraying? If Alice appears to readjust too easily to Victorian values, it's partly because as Barr presents them these values are laxer than history remembers them.

The novel seems more and more removed from reality as it progresses. What other Victorian heroine could do the things Alice does and remain uncompromised? She leads her oldest brother and uncle into China to rescue the unwilling Frank; she successfully resists the sexual advances of her step-father; she has an affair with a Chinese youth. And from each adventure, she emerges unscathed. Even in the wilds of China, the Victorian period was never like this.

Pat Barr has managed to pull off a rather neat trick in *Chinese Alice*. She capitalizes on the current fad for all things Chinese, without delivering the advertised goods. Do not read this book if you are expecting a serious, or even semi-serious, novel about the Chinese-European culture clash. But if, on the other hand, you're interested in a rollicking, fast-paced read, and liberties with history don't faze you, then *Chinese Alice* is the adventure-packed novel for you.

PERHAPS there is an aspect of human nature which makes the past seem full of lost charm, and more vivid than the mundane present. This certainly appears to be the case in Bette Bao Lord's novel of China, *Spring Moon*. Though Lord's portrait of the dignified, yet con-

fused end of the Manchu dynasty is admirable, her descriptions of the transition to communism, and of the Communist era fall sadly short of the requisites of successful historical novels — thorough research, careful plotting and polished writing.

Lord's novel covers the period of China's most radical change, from 1892 to 1971. The heroine, Spring Moon, moves from the secluded Chang family courtyards to the squalid aftermath of the Cultural Revolution. In the heroine's life, one sees a clear parallel to her homeland: China, too, abandons a beautiful, but stagnant, existence, for a crueler, yet more realistic, era.

Spring Moon, brought up during the reign of the last of the Manchu emperors, rebels inwardly at the restrictions placed upon her by her elders, but bows to them. In this she mirrors her entire generation, whose inner conflicts are never expressed overtly.

Spring Moon accepts her confinement to the family gardens and proudly suffers the excruciating pain of foot-binding. Had history not intervened, she would have lived out her life inside two courtyards: those of her parents and her in-laws.

But because events disrupted the continuity of centuries, Spring Moon's daughter did not have to conform to the old ways. Like Spring Moon, however, the daughter is a mirror for her generation, which raised outside the family courtyards,

brought about the Communist Revolution.

WHEN SHE gets to the revolution Lord loses her grip on the novel. Up to this point the attention to detail is first-rate, the plot well-spun and the writing is sometimes poetic. But the author now becomes impatient and jars her readers who have become accustomed to leisurely pace.

To deal efficiently with the Communist years, Lord introduces a young relation of Spring Moon, who is visiting his birthplace for the first time since his childhood and is ignorant of events since the revolution. In recalling the China of his youth, the young man stresses the change. But Lord's play is unsuccessful: the transition is too abrupt, the loss of so many important years too obvious.

This is not to say that the disappointing conclusion ruins the effect of the novel. What remains clearest in the reader's mind afterwards is not the muddled ending, but the beautifully-handled beginning and middle.

Spring Moon excellently demonstrates the emotional origins of the Chinese Communist revolution, and poignantly displays the pain inherent in surrendering much that was precious in the old way of life.

Lord's descriptions of Chinese life in the courtyards is rich in detail. *Spring Moon*, for all its failings, is definitely worth reading by anyone interested in life in China. D

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